

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE ATLANTIC FERRY IS 100 YEARS OLD

See  
Page  
Nine

## THE IMMENSE CHANGES IN EUROPE

Germany 74 Millions Strong

MENACE TO THE LIVES OF 200 MILLIONS MORE

AN angry word, a spark, a false step, may plunge the world into war, but not all the wise men in Europe can end it. The Great War goes on.

It is something to be thankful for that the nature of the war has changed and no longer are men being blown to bits on battlefields; but still the Great War changes the map of Europe, and one more independent country has been blotted out.

The shock of surprise and universal indignation is over; the facts are all known and we can consider them calmly and ask ourselves what they mean. The chief thing they mean for us all is that life is less secure and that no nation can feel itself safe while Great Powers in the midst of Europe behave like pirates and rule by the law of the jungle.

### Possible to Believe Anything

It is possible to believe anything we read in history or in fable after what has happened. Some years ago in Vienna a man was sweeping up snow in the streets. He lived in a workmen's refuge. Now he has returned to Vienna in a car filled with flowers on a ride of 120 miles through ranks of cheering people, cheering though he takes their country from them. Austria, with its six million people, disappears from the map; from now it is swallowed up in Germany and the big and little German States are welded as one, with 74 million people under the pagan flag of the swastika.

It might all have been so proud a page in history, but what will history say? It will say that the Germans came to Austria bringing their bombs behind them. It is true that the bombs were not used, that the guns were not fired, and that no blood was shed, but all these things went with Herr Hitler into Austria, the symbol of the strong man armed who means to have his way whatever happens. It was an act of violence that seized Austria, pulled down its flag, turned out its Government, and cloaked a bitter tragedy with scenes of rejoicing.

### The Lunch at Downing Street

It is not to be denied that the union of Austria and Germany is natural enough, and the victors of the Great War have only themselves to blame for the fact that it has come by violent means. Herr Hitler is an Austrian, and had vowed to himself that Austria should join up with Germany so that their people should live and act as one great Power.

Ten years ago the independent Austria would doubtless have welcomed the union; it is the coming of Hitlerism, the return of the spirit of the bully in Europe, that made them less willing in these last few years. Yet a few weeks ago the two countries drew closer together, and the Nazis in Austria, who for years had been causing disturbance, were given power in the Government.

Herr Hitler pledging himself to preserve independence of the Austrian State. Today he has broken his pledge, cloaking his action with words that mean nothing. Even while his Foreign Minister sat lunching at Downing Street Herr Hitler was sending his ultimatum to Vienna, holding a pistol at the head of Chancellor Schuschnigg in the spirit of the footpad and the highwayman. On the very night that this was planned Herr Ribbentrop was holding a reception at his house within sight of Buckingham Palace.

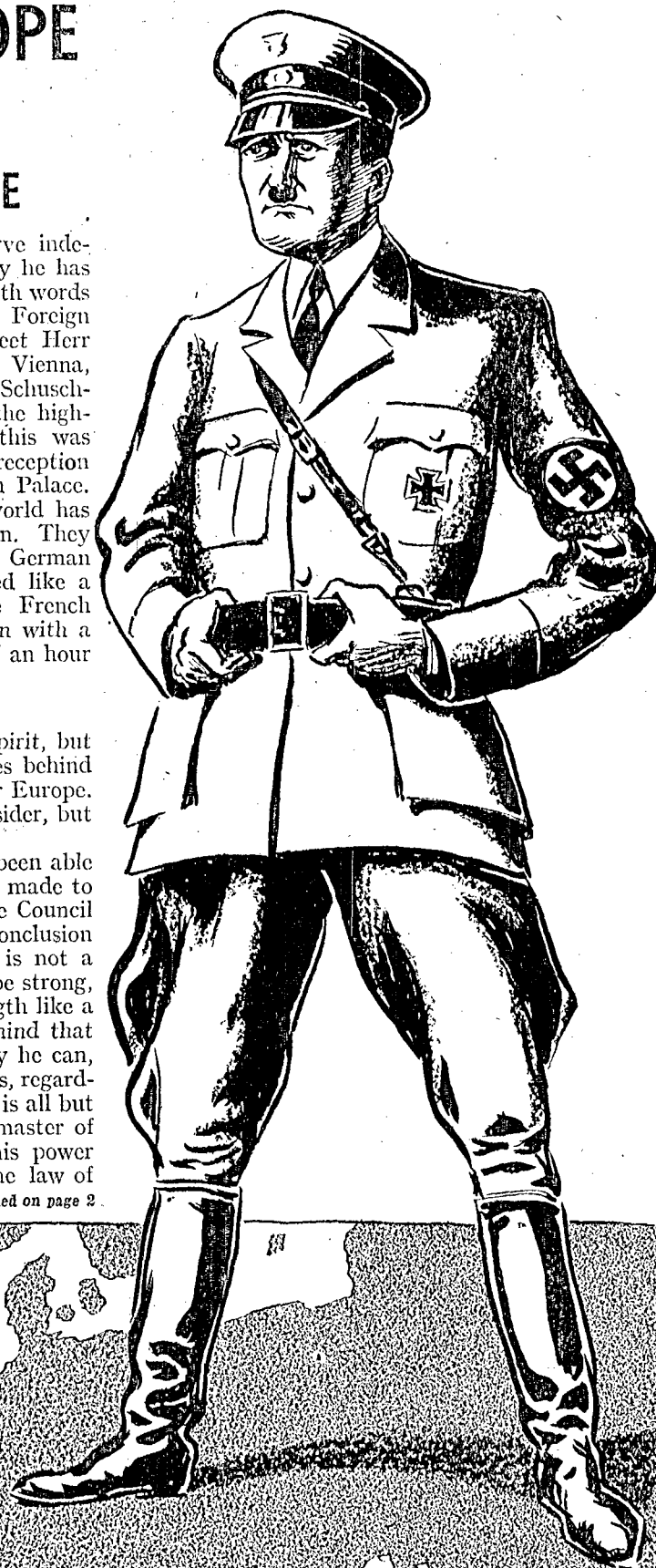
These ways are not the ways the world has been used to since the days of Napoleon. They remind us of August 1914, when as the German Ambassador went from London treated like a departing sovereign (as he said) the French Ambassador was sent home from Berlin with a loaded pistol aimed at his head for half an hour as his train passed the Kiel Canal.

### New Map and New Fact

We recall these things in no unfair spirit, but because they are significant of what lies behind the immense change that has come over Europe. Europe has not only a new map to consider, but a new fact of grave importance.

In spite of all that this country has been able to do, in spite of all the efforts she has made to bring Germany back as an equal at the Council Table of Europe, it would seem that no conclusion is possible now except that Germany is not a good neighbour. It is a great thing to be strong, but it is a poor thing to use your strength like a bully. Herr Hitler has made up his mind that he must get what he wants in any way he can, regardless of the security of other peoples, regardless of justice, regardless of liberty. He is all but a god in his own land, and would be master of Europe, even though he must reach his power by the methods of the gangster and the law of the jungle.

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## THE DICTATOR IN THE GRIP OF FEAR

### Russia's Moloch

*Which barbarism do we prefer, that of Berlin or that of Russia?*

Fear is the Law of the Jungle. It governs Russia today. The law of the jungle is that they shall rule who have the power and they shall keep who can.

Many have visited Russia since its old order was smashed to bits, and their impressions have been very different. Some were ready, even eager, to admire the resolution with which Soviet Russia set about making itself afresh. Others, while they praised the energy of the rulers, the even distribution of what there was to distribute, the new education, the new industrialism, lamented the muddle and disorder in its conduct and suspected the creeping in of the old corruption.

But all were alike in wondering at the patience and endurance of the Russian masses, who had to bear the burden of the hardship and the want which were inevitable in so vast a dislocation of all that had been.

#### The Old Stalwart Gang

These Russians were a kindly and good-humoured people, who complained little, suffered much, and, instead of grumbling because things were no better, were satisfied because they were no worse.

How can these impressions be reconciled with the picture Russia presents to the world today, when the curtain is lifted at Moscow on the deadly weaknesses and misdeeds of those who have helped to bring the country to its present pass?

The old stalwart gang who stood side by side with Lenin in making the New Russia are going one by one. Those that live are exiles with a price on their heads; others have no longer heads to rule. Stalin alone remains. He keeps his head and his place because he follows the counsel of Tarquin, the legendary King of Rome, in cutting down the tallest poppies. Those who appear to threaten him must disappear. The higher they have stood the more certain is their disappearance.

#### Spy-Riddled Russia

But that is not all the explanation. So riddled is Russia with spies that none dare to conspire. They fear. Stalin fears.

Fear is the atmosphere in which all Russia lives and moves. It has long been so. It was so under the Tsars, when a sudden midnight knocking at the door, the appearance of armed officials, might awaken any man and leave him after his arrest with no appeal, and no future but prison, exile, and the scaffold. It has been so under the Soviet rule. The rulers live in fear. They can only continue to live by the one rule they know.

Fear is the Moloch of Russia, ever claiming new victims to sustain its might. It has no other origin unless it might be to impress Russia's enemies with its frightfulness. The simplest explanation is that Russia's Dictator, like all others in the past, is well aware that no Dictator can live long who does not make all those near his throne to fear him. *He must destroy or be destroyed.*

#### This Week's Book

A great admirer of art and poetry is the winner of this week's book. The award goes to Rhian Roberts of Abercynon, Glamorgan, for his letter stating his reasons for wanting *The Renaissance* by Walter Pater.

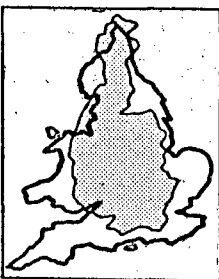
The Editor will send a book each week to the reader who sends him the best letter asking for the book. The only condition is that *each entry must be accompanied by the name and address of a new reader who promises to subscribe to the C N for not less than one month.*

## Germany 74 Millions Strong

Continued from page 1

In these days of great strain the Government has viewed the situation calmly, with a full realisation that it fills our minds with regret and sorrow and indignation. The Prime Minister has said that these events are bound to have effects which cannot be measured, and that they must immediately intensify the sense of uncertainty and insecurity in Europe.

The Government has therefore reviewed the pace of our rearmament and is taking proper steps to make this country so strong that no power on earth shall dare to challenge it. This is to be done because no Government dare leave the British people at the mercy of any Dictatorship which must march ruthlessly from tyranny to tyranny in order to maintain itself.



How Austria (shown shaded) compares in size with England and Wales

It is tragic to remember that this blow to confidence in Europe was struck at the moment when the British Government was engaged in hopeful conversations with the Dictator countries. There is no reason why dictators and democracies should not be good neighbours if each will keep within its boundaries and seek the good of its own

people. Even now, in the opinion of Mr Winston Churchill, who is no mean authority, it is not impossible to check the evil trend in foreign affairs.

Germany, says Mr Churchill, has now obtained military and economic control of all the communications of south-eastern Europe by road, river, and rail, and is able to dominate all south-east Europe, inhabited by 200 million people. We must put ourselves in a position where we shall not feel ourselves liable to be blackmailed out of our duties, interests, and rights, and we should declare, in the strongest terms, our adherence to the Covenant of the League of Nations and our resolve to secure, by international action, the reign of law in Europe. It might be our last chance to bring the free countries of the world together, and perhaps the curse which overhangs Europe will pass away. We must stand together with all free nations in collective security against aggression, and let those who wish to reject this policy ponder earnestly upon what will happen if, when all else has been thrown to the wolves, we are left to face our fate alone.

So that it is in the Covenant of the League that the hope of the world still lies. There is nothing that can take its place. We must be strong and of good courage. We must be armed to defend our house, but we must have with us the strong determination of all free peoples to resist the powers of evil that are threatening to become the masters of Europe and the reckless troublemakers of the world.

## The Story of the Storyman

Thousands of Australian children in Victoria are mourning the loss of the Storyman.

They never knew him by any other name, but for fourteen years he visited the Children's Hospital and told marvellous stories to the tiny patients. In between his visits he sent them postcards with whimsical messages on them, and the president of the hospital says that his cheerful presence often did much to help in the recovery of many children.

His name was Norman Allanby and he was of a very shy and retiring nature, and only now has his name been revealed to the young listeners who revelled in his stories. Not until the beginning of his illness, six weeks ago, had he missed a Saturday afternoon during fourteen years. It is to be hoped that the idea of the Storyman will be carried on, for two days after his passing came the news that there were several applicants for the Storyman's old job. The newspapers have been full of letters from grateful parents who remember his kindness to their children, and it is proposed to raise a subscription for a cot to perpetuate his memory. This will be known as *The Storyman's Cot*.

## Atlantic Giants

Gigantic flying-boats, bigger than the ships in which Columbus first crossed the Atlantic, are being built in Seattle for the transatlantic service between Europe and the United States.

These air liners will be able to take 50 passengers (as well as a crew of ten) across the Atlantic. They will have three decks, private cabins, a dining-room, and a lounge. Four 1500 h-p engines, with a top speed of about 200 miles an hour will drive these giants on their long route.

## 1500 Years of Life

What must surely be a family record comes from the Cheshire village of Neston, on the Wirral peninsula.

Mrs Ellen Matthews is 83; her eldest son is 65; she has eight sons and daughters whose ages total 444 years, 33 grandchildren, and 31 great-grandchildren. The combined ages of her family total more than 1500 years.

## A Bird's Act of Parliament

That good friend of the farmer the lapwing enjoys an almost unique distinction: it has an Act of Parliament all to itself. Called the Lapwing's Act, this makes it unlawful to sell or to possess for sale any lapwing's egg, British or foreign.

The Act is now ten years old, yet the Home Secretary has just found it necessary to publish a reminder calling attention to its provisions and to the fine of £5 for their contravention.

The stealing of eggs to gratify a greedy palate was in danger of exterminating these splendid birds. The fact that taking the eggs was wrong, cruel, and injurious to agriculture seemed only to spice them with the pleasant taste of forbidden fruit.

What was there to commend them above poultry eggs? Little, we imagine, beyond the fact that they were comparatively scarce and costly. As for their flavour, what is to be said of that in view of the fact that there was a thriving trade in the eggs of seagulls sold for ninepence as plover eggs, and eaten readily as such?

## A Hospital the Shape of a Hand

Church Lane in Wandsworth, the biggest town in London, has been chosen for the site of the new L.C.C. general hospital.

Wandsworth, which joins Lambeth on the east, on the west includes a piece of Richmond Park, and has within its borders Putney, Roehampton, Tooting, Balham, Clapham, and Streatham, is spread over an area of nearly 15 square miles, with 350,000 people.

The new three-storeyed hospital, to be constructed of steel and glass, will be built next to the old hospital of St Benedict in Tooting, and will be built in the shape of a man's hand.

The idea is that long narrow wards like fingers, with glass on all sides, will catch all the sun. Everything possible will be done to banish noise, noisy bells being replaced by the pressing of a button which shows a red light.

There will be 600 beds and a special department for plastic surgery cases.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

The number of men imprisoned in this country has been cut down to a quarter in 25 years.

The B.B.C. is now giving daily news to 70 million Spanish-speaking and 40 million Portuguese-speaking people on the American continent.

Cutty Sark, the famous old China tea clipper, is to be moored near the training ship Worcester in the Thames at Greenwich and used for training boys for service at sea.

Fifty acres of cliff land near Plymouth have been given to the National Trust by Mrs Sebag-Montefiore.

Five special tours of the Dutch bull fields are being run by the L.N.E.R.

A Mrs Holt of Manchester, who has recently passed away, went to Sunday-school when she was four and attended the same school constantly for 78 years.

It is reported that the Egyptian Government is contributing £30,000 for the repair of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

The students at a New York college transferred 40,000 books to their new home by making two human chains, each 70 yards long, and passing the books from one to the other.

Made in 1801, the turret clock of the Port of London Authority is to be electrified.

A group of Austrian girls working in Kent have sent ten shillings to the Lifeboat Institution.

The stratosphere is evidently an open book to Professor Picard, for instead of ascending he is planning to descend five miles into the depths of the ocean.

The Victoria League sends about 1200 parcels of books and papers to lonely Britons in remote parts of the Empire.

A million pairs of boots and shoes a year is the estimated output of a new factory shortly to be built at Rushden in Northamptonshire.

A bed in which Queen Henrietta Maria slept at Barmston, Yorkshire, has been presented to Bridlington Museum.

Eight girl pupils of Ingleside School, North Devon, ring the bells on Sundays at the pretty little church at Calverleigh.

## THINGS SEEN

Combs in a big London store labelled: *Safety First—Non-Inflammable.*

Two small boys riding a white horse in Bloomsbury.

Take Care—28 killed last year on roads within the city.

A notice at Stoke-on-Trent

A black cat emerging alive after 19 days under half a ton of chaff in Bedfordshire.

## THINGS SAID

I have not lost my faith in the League. I know there is no other way if our race and civilisation is to be saved.

General Smuts

I'll eat my hat if Glasgow Empire Exhibition attracts less than fifteen million visitors.

The general manager of the exhibition

I cannot understand modern music. Sergei Rachmaninoff, the composer

The world is as yet only comparatively insane.

Mr Robert Lynd

There are so many bad pictures now that people are staying at home and listening to the radio.

Mr Samuel Goldwyn, film producer

If we won the War we lost the Peace. Manchester Guardian

I live in a small town where the coal mine stares gloomily, but my mind lives in the time of Rembrandt and Michael Angelo. A.C.N. Schoolboy

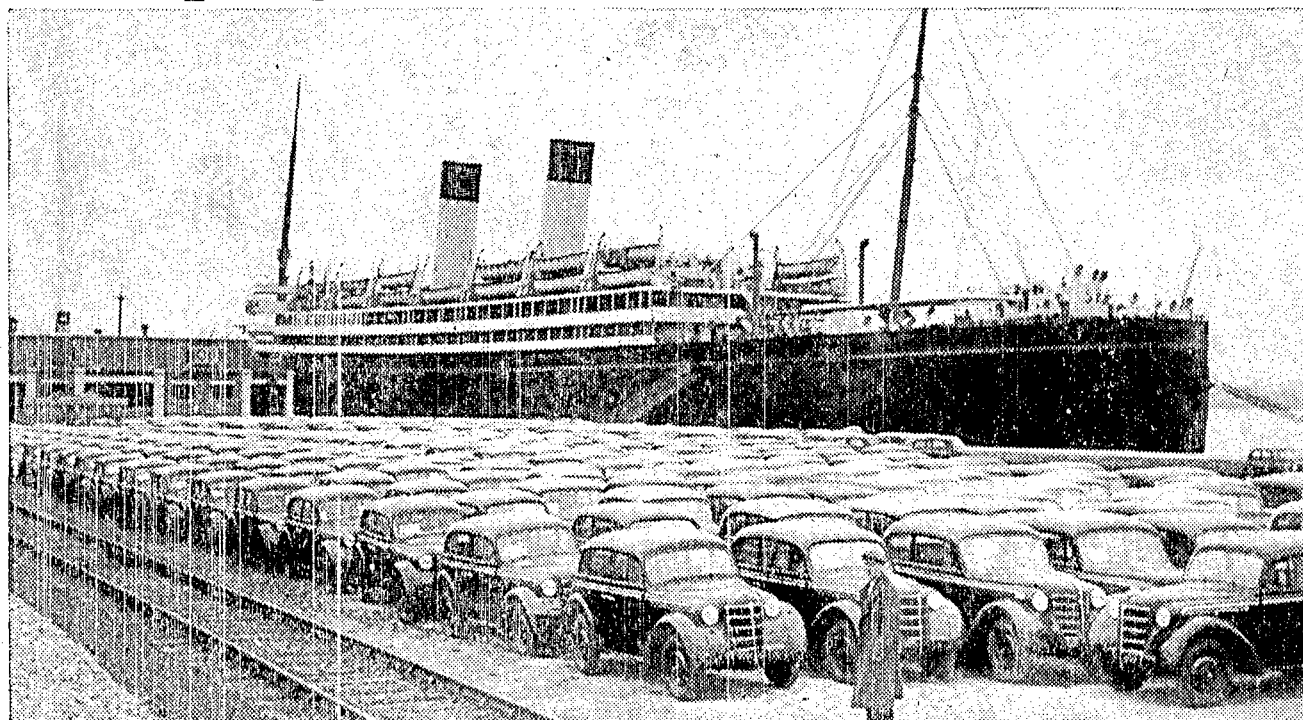


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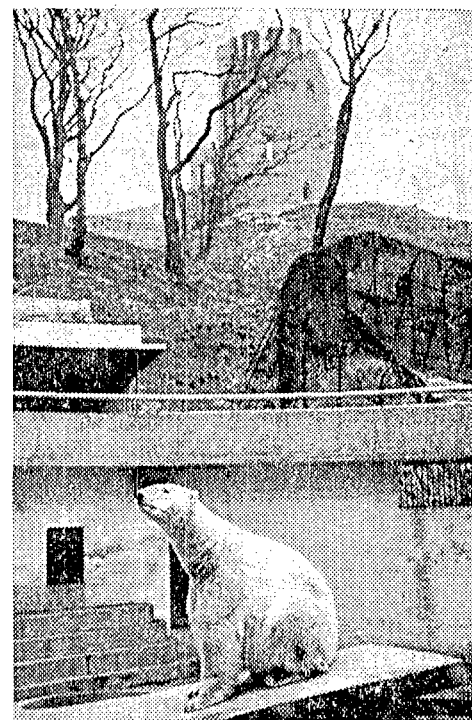
The Children's Newspaper

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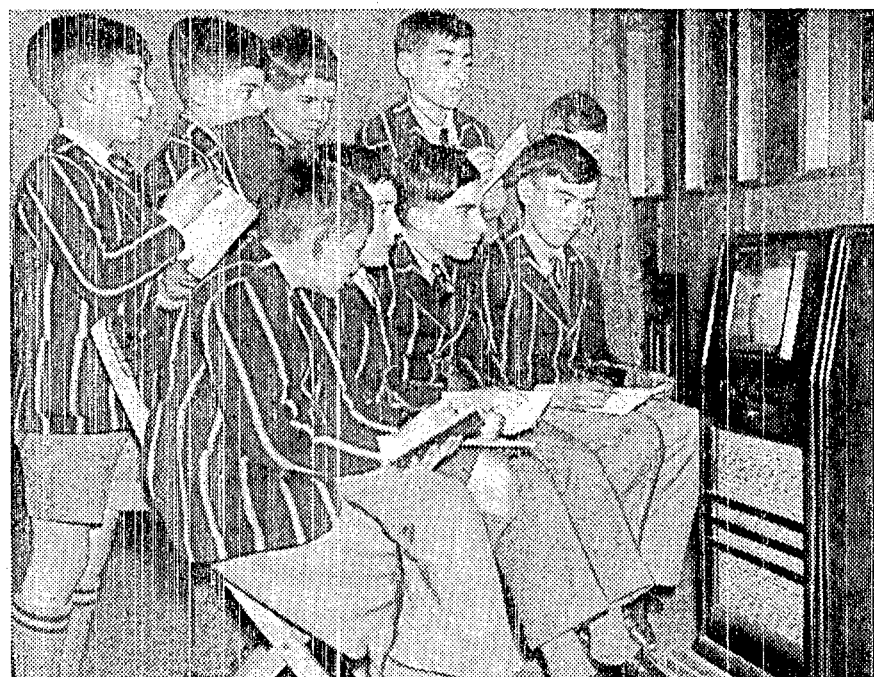
# Keeping Fit • Sea of Cars • School Television



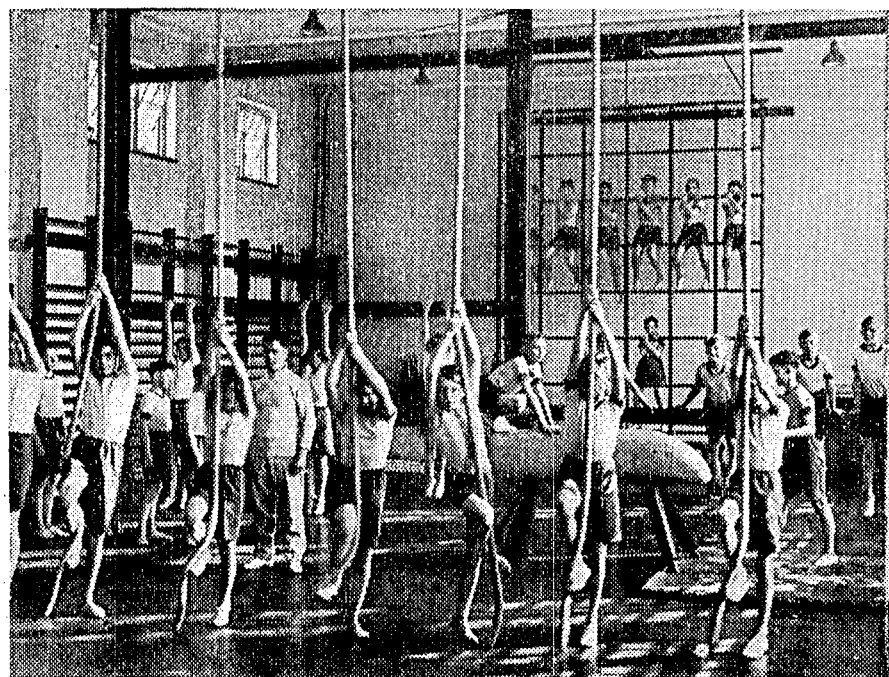
**A Sea of Cars**—A curious effect at Southampton Docks, where the Laurentic almost appears to be afloat in a sea of cars. They are part of a consignment imported from abroad



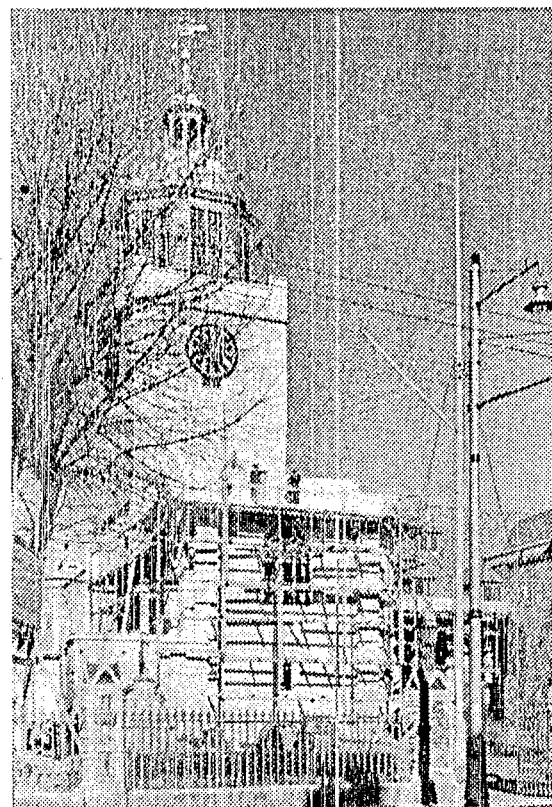
**The Castle and the Bear**—A Polar bear at Dudley Zoo in the shadow of the ancient castle walls



**Television in School**—The time cannot be far ahead when every school will have its television set. These boys of Leigh Hall College at Westcliff will agree that television helps lessons



**How to Keep Fit**—A corner of the splendidly-equipped gymnasium in Tottenham's new Grammar School in White Hart Lane



**Portsmouth Cathedral**—The new South Transept and Navy aisle, now being built, are expected to be ready by June



**Fishing Story**—An amusing snapshot from the Kent coast showing Fido taking a bite or two from the contents of the basket while his young master watches intently for signs of a bite at the end of his fishing-line



## BETTER TIMES FOR OUR DEFENDERS

### An Act of Justice to the Army

Our soldiers, sailors, and airmen are to receive more pay at the end of next month.

Ministers responsible for the Defence Services have all shown that appreciation of the human touch which makes all the difference between the contented and the discontented officer or man. Pay has been increased generally, especially where married men are concerned.

In making his first statement in presenting the Army estimates to Parliament Mr Hore-Belisha struck a human note in the new proposals he made as an act of justice to our soldiers, not to encourage recruiting, for recruiting is satisfactory.

#### Higher Pay and Allowances

Nearly two million pounds more a year is to be spent on extra pay and better barrack accommodation. An additional 3d a day will be paid to the unmarried infantryman in certain years of his service, so that instead of receiving 17s 6d in his third year he will receive 21s, and 28s instead of 21s in his ninth year of service. In addition, proficiency pay of 3d a day will be available for two men in every three if they have done three years' good work in a unit.

Married soldiers over 26 years old are to be allowed 17s in respect of a wife when they do not live in the barrack quarters, and they will in future receive privileges, like free medical attendance, enjoyed by those on the roll. As Mr Hore-Belisha said, army wives often have to adapt themselves to sudden changes, and they will now be able to make better provision for their homes.

#### Better Cooking

Speedier promotion both for officers and men is being provided, a new class of warrant officer being created in place of the subaltern. Promotion is to depend on merit rather than on seniority, a reform which will certainly encourage keenness.

Our Army eats £4,000,000 of rations a year, and the Minister is determined that this food should be attractively served. Both catering and cooking are to be reviewed and improved. Milk has been proved so beneficial to recruits in the physical development depot at Canterbury that any recruit may be ordered an extra half a pint of milk a day by the doctor.

The speech showed that the old polishing of belt and button days in the Army have passed, together with the posturings called drill. Only essentials in drill will be required, while more time will be spent in learning the mechanical knowledge which will be useful to the soldier on his return to civil life.

#### Good News For Seamen

The Army is today a machine using machinery. Just as we now count ships and planes in the naval and air services, so we must in future think of the Army in terms of its weapons. What England requires is a mobile force to defend her shores from attack, to garrison her outposts overseas, and, should the need arise, to bring swift and efficient aid to Dominion or ally. Mr Hore-Belisha, who has put first things first and not been repressed by tradition, looks like delivering the goods.

Married sailors and airmen of 26 and over are to receive the minimum rate of 17s a week for a wife, and sailors who have been receiving a lower rate of pay because they have been engaged on a different period of service are to receive the same pay as those who do similar work but are on continuous service.

To any Litter Lout

The Street is Not Your Dustbin

## HERO OF THE TIROLESE

### The Peasant Who Defied Napoleon

*It was the spirit of Andreas Hofer to which Herr Schuschnigg appealed in stirring the Austrians to a sense of their independence on the eve of the German Invasion. This is the story of Hofer.*

NAPOLEON, in his great adventure to capture Europe, set out to crush an innkeeper, and won. But no lover of liberty is there now who would not give the reputation of Napoleon a hundred times for that of Andreas Hofer, the plain man who fought him.

To travellers over the mountain passes Hofer's inn was well known. He

down their arms, he made his one mistake. Patriots flocked to him and urged him to strike another blow for freedom, and, his soul on fire, he yielded after he had pledged his word. Sharp battles followed, but the peasants were exhausted, and Hofer had to flee.

He lived on roots and berries and such scanty supplies as could be carried to him in the darkness; he dared not use a gun lest the sound should betray him. Many people knew his hiding-place and kept his secret, but they urged him to escape. He refused with scorn, and



Friends visiting Hofer a few days before his execution

was also a horse-dealer, and journeyed through Tirol, a man of sterling character upon whose truthfulness and justice everyone relied.

He took his part in the fighting when Austria was in arms against Napoleon, who gave the liberty-loving land of the Tirolese to Bavaria. Hofer's genius for organisation was shown when, at a word, the peasants sprang to arms. Women and children ran from village to village knocking at the doors of lonely huts, and handing in little slips of wood on which were written "It is time!" To send the call to the people in the valleys by the waterside coloured sawdust was sprinkled on the waters rushing down to the valleys, and plants were set afloat carrying little red flags. Beacon fires were lit on peaks from which their eagerly-awaited light was seen afar. Men ran to their chapels, said their prayers, and hastened away to fight.

Hofer was their leader, and conducted a Seven Weeks War which thrilled Europe. He captured Innsbruck and drove the Bavarians out of Tirol. A French army of 40,000 men then invaded the country and took Innsbruck, but Hofer again drove out the invaders.

Hofer was now at the height of his power. They made him Governor of Tirol. He remained the simple man he ever had been. He lived at Innsbruck in the palace of the governors, but he ruled only in the name of the Emperor, and when people called him "Your Excellency" he would quietly answer, "I am Andreas Hofer, the peasant."

Wisely and well he governed, but all too soon came the dread news that the Austrian Emperor, who had betrayed him before, had finally delivered Tirol back to Bavaria.

Hofer himself at last concluded peace to save his people from extermination. Then, having counselled them to lay

stayed on in his mountain hut half through the winter.

Then there appeared a proclamation offering £500 for his capture. His wife and son were driven from their home and came to join him, and, lighting a fire to warm them in the bitter cold, he betrayed himself by the smoke. Six hundred soldiers climbed to his fastness to make him prisoner, and he appeared before them with quiet dignity. "I am Andreas Hofer," he said. "Do as you like with me, for I am the guilty one. I ask mercy for my wife and son, and this young man, my secretary." That was all.

They led him down the valley, past his old home, where Bavarian soldiers mocked him. But there was no son of Tirol to see it, for the ill news had run before, and they closed their doors and drew their blinds that they might not look on the agony of their brave leader.

The march to the enemy's headquarters was long, and at night, while his captors were drunk, the house in which they stayed caught fire. Hofer leaped from his bed, dragged the stupefied sentry outside the house, and saved the lives of his captors. He could have escaped in the confusion, but scorned to do so. He was tried before one of the generals he had defeated, but he received fair treatment and his life was spared.

But Napoleon, enraged by his many defeats, sent an order that Hofer must be shot within 24 hours.

His captors still saw one way out; they offered Hofer his life if he would take service with the French. Hofer proudly declined to live at such a price. Austria had deserted him, but he would not desert Austria and Tirol. So, on February 20, 1810, he died, shot like a criminal, but dying the death of a perfect knight. He was buried at Mantua, where he fell, but years later his remains were taken to Innsbruck and buried there.

## END OF A LIFE'S ADVENTURE

### He Rescued Nansen

In his eventful 78 years Major Frederick George Jackson warmed both hands at the fire of life in exploration and adventure.

Now the great adventure ends quietly on a barge a little way from Charing Cross. There the explorer passed peaceful days by the river, his face and voice well known to skippers of sailing barges and others who have business on the Thames highway. At the last his body rested in the cabin of his own sailing-barge home, covered with the Union Jack he took with him when he went to explore Franz Josef Land in the Arctic.

That was the adventure which brought him most to the ears of the world, and that because at the end of it his name was linked with that of a greater Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen.

As a young man Jackson, after travel in desert Australia, was seized, like many another, with the lure of the Arctic. He went to Greenland to win experience, and afterwards, hearing of Nansen's projected drift in the Fram across the Polar ocean, offered his services. They were not accepted, and Jackson went instead on a trip of his own to the Kara Sea, and across Lapland, and afterwards secured the aid of Alfred Harmsworth for an expedition to Spitsbergen and beyond.

Nansen's voyage in the Fram had then long been begun; and Nansen himself had left the ship in command of Sverdrup, while he set out with his companion Johannsen to cross the Polar ice in the endeavour to reach Spitsbergen. This daring, perilous attempt all but ended in disaster; but when the two were almost at the end of their endurance they were sighted by Jackson and rescued.

### Winning by Losing

A retired business man in Surrey is standing up for the boy who fails.

He is Councillor Edgar Dailley, who has unconventional ideas about education. It was he who found the two most public-spirited boys at Barnes Elementary School and gave them a week's holiday at Torquay; and now he is offering a prize to the best loser at Godalming's County School.

"We make a mistake in always giving prizes to the most successful boys," says Councillor Dailley. "The brilliant boy is not always the best boy. I want to encourage the triers, the boys who just miss the prize but go through school life with smiles on their faces."

At the next Speech Day the headmaster will announce the name of the boy who has lost most gallantly, and, so losing, wins Councillor Dailley's prize.

### The Eternal Triangle

There is gathering excitement in the sea-lion colony at the Zoo.

The king of the colony has always been Gus, but now there is Archie. Archie has been aloof for some time, treating Gus with a sort of indifferent politeness, and Gus saw that he had better not bully him as he did the rest of them. Now Archie has begun to take notice of Gus's favourite wife—and she is very pleased. Gus is getting more and more angry, and tries to keep them apart by swimming furiously up and down the pool; but it does no good, and Gus is sulking. The rest of them plainly sense trouble—and so does the keeper. He feeds them separately and tries to keep them apart; but it is a losing battle.

### The Old Gates

What one of our readers calls Salford's Glory has been sold for £2 12s. Beautiful wrought iron gates made in Rome in the 18th century, and used in Peel Park, were sold the other day for scrap. They were regarded by many people as one of Salford's most delightful possessions.



## THE TAXI CALLS FOR THE OLD LADIES

The Tonbridge Repertory Theatre have had the generous idea of giving pleasure to the old ladies who live at the County Home for Aged Ladies.

As these old people cannot afford to go to kinemas or theatres, partly because of the expense and partly because of the difficulty of transport, the repertory members have invited them to go to their performances free of charge, and send to the Home a taxi once every other week, which takes four or five old ladies to the theatre and back without expense to them.

### ESPERANTO

Esperanto, the international language, is spreading by leaps and bounds across the world.

In Denmark it is being encouraged in schools; in the Irish Free State it is to be a regular feature over the air; and in Czecho-Slovakia a programme in Esperanto is to be transmitted for the first time to Europe and America next month.

### YOUNG TURKS IN YORKSHIRE

At a time when nation is suspicious of nation it is interesting to hear that there exists at present the happiest international relationship (if the term may be stretched a point) between Turkey and Wombwell in Yorkshire.

Wombwell is supplying the Turkish Government with a coke-oven plant, and while the machinery is being made the Turkish Government are sending young Turks over to Yorkshire to learn the secrets of the process and the best methods of operating the plant.

Yorkshire folk in and round Wombwell have taken these Turks to their heart. They are showing them the utmost kindness as well as instructing them, and, in spite of language difficulties and differences in custom and outlook, there is the best feeling in the world between them.

### WELDING A BUILDING TOGETHER

We are very familiar with the steel skeletons which form the framework of modern big buildings.

We see the parts bolted together by acrobatic workmen who sit at dizzy heights joining up columns, trusses, and beams. Clothed in brick or stone, the skeletons are entirely hidden.

A new advance has now been made by substituting welded steel for the bolted skeleton. At Hayes in Middlesex a great factory covering an area of 300 by 240 feet has been erected in this new way, and the result is a much stronger and yet lighter building. It is said that the old practice would call for three times as much weight of metal as is used in this Hayes building.

### THE MAKER OF FIDDLES

An attractive stamp has just been issued in Italy in honour of the greatest of all violin-makers, Stradivari of Cremona, who died 200 years ago.

Everyone knows how wonderful are the violins he made, perfectly proportioned and with rich tones, and only the other day two were sold in London for £1250 and £1500.

George Eliot gives us one of the best descriptions of this great Italian:

*That plain white-aproned man who stood at work,  
Patient and accurate full threescore years,  
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,  
And (since keen sense is love of perfectness)  
Made perfect violins, the needed paths  
For inspiration and high mastery.*

### TRAGIC STORY

Huntsmen in Italy are baffled by the pitiful fate of 600 wild boars. It appears that the animals were being hunted near Genoa, and, suddenly finding themselves at the edge of a 300-foot precipice, the whole 600 threw themselves over it rather than face their pursuers.

## Juggernaut Passes By

WITH 236,555 road casualties as the result of the latest year of motoring, an official of the Ministry of Transport has been informing the House of Lords Committee on the subject that selfishness and carelessness on the part of road users are mainly responsible.

An incident which had just happened at the time of writing, witnessed by three experienced motorists who were not driving at the time, affords a clue to some of the accidents which have been thus characterised.

On a great London road where the 30-mile limit is imposed a man was crossing quickly on foot with a car coming up in the distance. In spite of

the speed-limit the motorist drove, in the opinion of the three watchers, at 50 miles an hour, and his rate, therefore, was about 24 yards a second. A pedestrian, who had right of way, was crossing quickly, at rather more than two yards a second, and should have had ample time in which to reach the pavement, but the motorist accelerated, charged straight at him, and but for the man's timely leap back at the last moment would have added him to the grisly list of victims maimed or killed at this spot.

"If I had had a revolver," said one of the onlookers, "I would have shot him through the tyres."

### HE WAS RIGHT

In a village in Derbyshire an old man has passed away at 83.

His most treasured possession was a small clock in a wooden case. "It is old," he used to say, "but it will last my time."

His prophecy proved singularly correct, for the clock ticked away till ten minutes before the old man's funeral. Then it stopped. The spring had broken.

### THREE MEALS FOR FOURPENCE

A nursery school newly opened at Dudley in Worcestershire is provided with a pram garage. Another feature of the school is a fully-equipped kitchen where breakfast, dinner, and tea are prepared at a cost of fourpence a day.

### THE DWARF'S HOUSE

A house with owls peering at you from pillars shaped like sticks of barley sugar when you go inside it, and a witch's cauldron in the living-room, will be an exhibit all children will want to see at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. It is the House of the Seven Dwarfs, and is to be built from Walt Disney's sketches.

In the film Snow White and the dwarfs dance to a reed organ, and in the music-room of the house at Olympia there will be a similar organ for real boys and girls to dance to.

### THE STARLINGS AND THE BLACKBIRD

A reader in the North of England sends this story to the C.N.

A blackbird was busy with some food that had been thrown away.

On a roof sat five starlings holding a council of war. Having decided on methods of strategy, one starling swooped down and attacked the food, the blackbird immediately chasing it away. Then down swooped two more starlings, and as the blackbird was busy chasing these away, down came the remaining couple. So it went on, first one and then another of the starlings would come down, and while the blackbird was busy chasing one starling two others were busy gobbling up the food until it was all gone.

### THE EVER-BURNING LAMP

In an old palace in Travancore, India, is an oil lamp which, according to tradition, has been burning for 1200 years. The legend is that it commemorates a ruler of the State who ascended to heaven while resting on a stone couch.

### THE DRIVER'S WHISTLE

We gather from this month's L.M.S. Magazine some interesting things about engine whistles.

When approaching a junction while the signals are against him a driver indicates his route by a distinctive whistle. There is a special whistle call for use in shunting.

If a driver sees a fire unattended on the line siding he will give three whistles (one long, one short, one long) at the site, and repeat them on passing a signal-box.

When a train is to be helped over an incline the driver gives two long whistle calls and three short sharp calls.

### A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE ANTELOPE

More than half a century having elapsed since such an event, a delightful little antelope called a bay duiker has been born at the Zoo.

The duikers are tiny, generally speaking, some of them little more than a foot high; but they are as agile as quicksilver, and in their brush-covered country they dash away with such rapid plunges and rushes that the wondering Europeans called them diving-bucks, which is what duiker means.

They are notable among antelopes as the only ones whose flesh is unpalatable to man; hence their escape from the fate which has nearly exterminated so many other beautiful African creatures.

### STRANGE CARGO

A strange cargo has been carried in a ship from Bolivia in South America to Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean.

It was a cargo of giant toads more than seven inches high, which Mauritius wants to fight a pest attacking the sugar-cane there. At Puerto Rico in Bolivia the toads have been such a success in eliminating the parasite that they are now being exported all over the world.

## WHAT THE OLD LADY REMEMBERED

An old lady of Sheffield has died at 101.

One of her happiest recollections was of a day when her uncle took her to Walmer Castle, home of the Duke of Wellington. Her uncle left her in a room in the castle while he went elsewhere on business, and when little Caroline grew tired of waiting she went off in search of him, finding her way into a room where the Iron Duke picked her up and nursed her, afterwards putting her on one of the horsehair chairs to be left till called for.

### DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

One of our newspapers has been telling the story of a modern St Martin.

Everyone remembers how St Martin cut his cloak in two and gave half of it to a beggar, and some of us may have noticed medallions of the saint on the lamp-posts in the parish of St Martin's-in-the-Fields.

The story reported recently is of a middle-aged gentleman who was walking down Kingsway. He wore a bowler hat and an overcoat, and (we are sorry to say) he was swinging an umbrella, a dangerous thing to do. But he was a very good fellow for all that. Suddenly he stopped in front of a matchseller standing by the kerb, and, taking off his overcoat, he handed it to this astonished man, remarking, "I shall not want this till October." He then walked on.

### 16 KEW MEN

During the past 35 years 16 men from New Zealand have been trained at Kew, and most of them have returned to their own country to fill important positions.

This interesting fact was mentioned the other day when six of these men met as members of the Kew Guild in the beautiful New Zealand city of Christchurch while a National Flower Show was in progress.

Reference was made to the good work of Mr D. Tannock, who went out to New Zealand from Kew 35 years ago, and since then has done great work in helping young New Zealanders sent to Kew to finish their training.

### BRINGING HOME THE BACON

The British people consumed over half a million tons of bacon last year.

It is a remarkable fact, for it means that every family in the land contrived to eat about 120 pounds of bacon. Only official evidence persuades us that this can be true.

Where does it all come from? One fifth of it comes from home pigs and four-fifths from Ireland and overseas.

All this bacon is regulated for us by a Market Supply Committee, which decides what countries shall supply us. Denmark is our biggest oversea supplier.

### THE WHITE COCKATOO

A white cockatoo had to be rescued from a tree-top by the fire brigade at Glebe, near Sydney, not long ago.

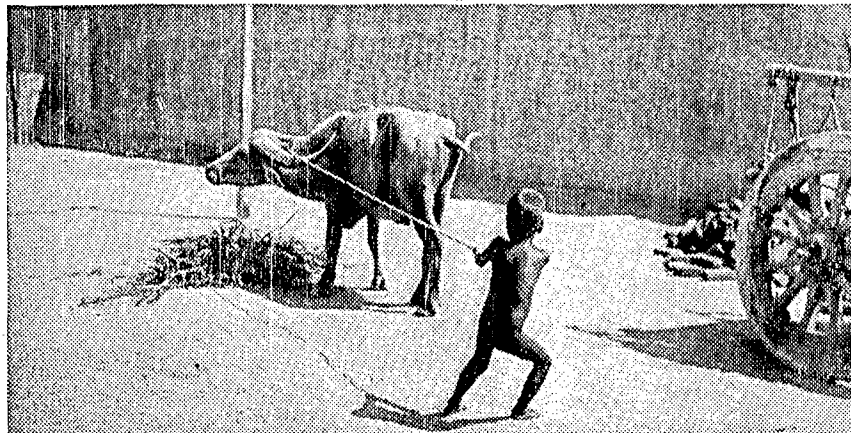
Escaping from its cage, it managed to perch 60 feet from the ground in the top of a tree, though one leg was hampered by a chain. This chain proved its downfall, for the bird became entangled in it and could not move. As the tree could not be climbed, the cockatoo's owner remembered the Glebe Fire Brigade's ladders; but these were not long enough, and they had to send for a longer one to the Fire Brigade headquarters in Sydney.

When this arrived the parrot, screeching furiously and trying to resist capture, was bundled ignominiously into a bag by two firemen, and its adventures for that day ended.

### THE HUMAN BUGLER

American Army authorities have been looking for a mechanical substitute for the bugler, but as they cannot find one he is to stay, the opinion of one army official being that the bugler is born and not made.

## An Interrupted Meal



A little boy of the Luxettypet mission school in India persuading a buffalo to resume work



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 26 1938

## For or Against

ONE of the heaviest burdens the world has to carry is the burden of Indifference.

The people who would have you believe that nothing matters unless it hits you or hurts you are the drag on every good movement that ever lifted up the world. Everything matters to us if it is wrong; there is no such thing as injustice that does not concern us.

It is true that a great nation must not take part in every other nation's quarrel, for a nation has a multitude of lives in its trust and must not imperil them needlessly; but it is not to be said that evil is no concern of ours because it does not directly touch our lives or our prejudices. That is the selfishness that makes the world a mean and bitter place.

There was a law in ancient Greece that if rival factions began fighting in the streets any one who looked on without taking sides should be but to death. It may seem harsh, but there is something to be said for it. At any rate it discourages indecision and indifference. We should like to rid our day of lukewarm people who are neither hot nor cold, and consequently are of no use.

The truth is that too many of us are like that. We are neutrals. We lack conviction. With the broadening of education, with the breaking down of concrete beliefs, with the absence of that persecution which made martyrs of our being, to feel our heart strangely warmed as John Wesley did one evening two hundred years ago, when his great campaign began.

Is it not time we took our stand? Ought we not to set our face steadfastly toward some goal? There are wrongs to be righted, injustices to be swept away, ills to be abolished, wounds to be healed, and if we are to count for something we should let the world know that we are for this and against that, definitely, completely, and wholeheartedly.

The great menace of our time is indifference. Criminals may be imprisoned, but people who never do wrong and are guilty of never doing any good are the stumbling blocks in the way of all who would build the New Jerusalem.

Let us be for or against, but do not let us merely look on



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### The Slum School

WE see that some authorities put at 900 or more the school-buildings which are too dark, or badly ventilated, or unwarmed in winter, or damp, or lack proper playgrounds.

We mention it now because this is one of many items which should be added to the list of public works to be carried out in the immediate future.

Every school should be bright, healthy, well built, artistically decorated, and comfortably furnished. We have millions of scholars, representing the future of our land, and what we make of them, what they make of themselves, will be the Britain of the middle of the twentieth century.

It is a thought that should forbid the existence of a single slum school.

### Beware of the Red Stripe

AT Santa Anna, California, motorists found guilty of driving when drunk are to be penalised by having broad red stripes painted on their cars.

### The Magpies of Euroa

MEN are not the only stupid things on earth. We hear of two magpies who could not keep the peace in Australia.

They fought on the roof of an electric sub-station, fell on to a transformer, came in contact with a 2000-volt conductor which killed them, and caused a short-circuit which plunged the town of Euroa into darkness for an hour.

Surely a grave little warning from Euroa to Europe.

### Running Through the Reigns

THE CN is grateful to its contemporary Truth for referring to the mother of the CN as:

*That admirable work the Children's Encyclopedia, first published in the reign of Edward the Seventh and still without rival in that of George the Sixth.*

### A Year Without Work

A DISTRESSING feature of the unemployment returns is the fact that we have 279,000 insured persons who have been out of work for a year.

It is bad enough that over 1,800,000 men, women, boys, and girls are all out of work at the same time, but to find that 279,000 have been without work for a year or more is a bitter and appalling thing.

### This Kind World

Scene: Chemist's shop near Victoria.

CUSTOMER: How much, please?

Chemist: Oh, nothing; put something in the hospital box.

### The Burning Wave

CASES in the courts brought by women whose hair has been burned in "permanent wave" operations are now not uncommon, and there are thousands of slighter cases of which we never hear.

Is it not high time for the use of such dangerous processes to be strictly controlled?

It is not widely understood that the hair is a living part of the body. To subject it at frequent intervals to great heat is dangerous, and it is remarkable that women should submit their heads for such delicate treatment to those who know nothing of physiology.

### THE BROADCASTER

CN Calling the World

THE Victoria Children's Hospital at Hull has received £5000 from an unknown friend.

AUSTRALIA's capital has the smallest death-rate in the Empire.

THE wages in South Africa's mines have increased by £12,000,000 in five years.

### JUST AN IDEA

*It is spring; there is something almost incredible about it every year. In all this Age of Invention nothing has yet been invented half so wonderful as the coming of the tulip and the daffodil.*

## They Cannot Chain His Chainless Mind

Men, it is time, cried Andreas Hofer.

Men, it is time, cried Herr von Schuschnigg

This is the tribute of a German poet to the Tirolese innkeeper who defended his country against Napoleon. He was captured and shot in cold blood, but Hofer remains the Hero of the Tirol, and it is good to read these words of him from a German pen, that of Karl Theodor Körner.

STILL to his own wild country true,  
Its hills and valleys, waters blue,  
And virtue's path to fame;  
The hero burning in his breast,  
He kindled every mountain crest,  
With Freedom's deathless flame.

Small was his band, but true and brave;  
Nought feared they but the name of slave.

And their bold leader's frown:  
From crag and precipice and glen,  
Till then untrod by breathing men,  
They poured a torrent down.

Where are they now, and where is he?  
Gone to the land where all are free;  
For him all bonds are past;  
His name is in his country's songs,  
His fame is on a thousand tongues,  
He wears his crown at last.

God's will be done! His arms they bind,  
They cannot chain his chainless mind;  
He has a triumph yet  
Nobler than arms have ever won:  
Adversity but sees his sun  
In noonday splendours set.

## A Peep at the Cabinet

WHEN we are troubled with our small affairs perhaps it will do us good to remember that we are not alone in trouble in this hard world.

There is a dramatic story of the bitter days of the war in the Esher Papers which are now being widely read. It is one of the rare peeps we are allowed to get into the Cabinet Room in Downing Street in April 1916, and this is what it says:

"Please remember that in an hour's time I have to tell the House of Commons what the Cabinet have decided." There was a silence for a minute or two, and then A. J. B. [Balfour] said: "You had better tell them that the Cabinet has decided it is quite incapable of conducting the business of the country and of carrying on the war." No one having made any observation upon this, the Prime Minister asked: "Am I to say that to the House of Commons?" Upon which A. J. B. observed: "Well! if you do, you will at any rate be telling them the truth!" The Cabinet broke up without a decision.

When we are at our wit's end and do not know where to turn it may help us to be patient to remember that the most responsible body of men in the world is sometimes in the same fix.

### To a Child

Small service is true service while it lasts:  
Of humblest friends, bright Creature, scorn not one:  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.  
Wordsworth

## Under the Editor's Table

COVER an eye and be smart, says a hat advertisement. Cover both eyes and be smarter says Peter Puck.

THE inventor of a collapsible restaurant says he tumbled to the idea.

MANY a man is eager to get into the public eye. But doesn't want to be a pupil.

DRESSMAKING is being taught by gramophone. With another kind of needle.

MANY modern tunes have old melodies as their base. What about their treble?

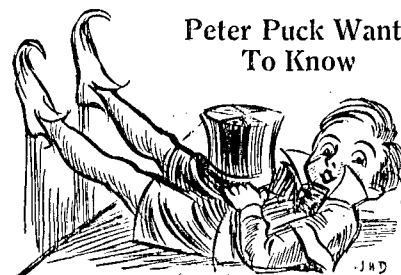
TAXPAYERS have plenty of patience. But it is taxed.

SOME suburban dwellers never speak to the people next door. Are always against them.

THERE are numbers of authorities on gardening. And they are always growing.

IMPORTANT American officials are followed wherever they go. By those anxious to step into their shoes?

£500 has been paid for an egg. Has someone been cracking it up?



If truthful people lie in bed



## GOOD WORK DONE AT ROCHESTER And More to Do

Over four tons of dust and debris have been removed from the roofs of Rochester Cathedral.

This material came from the interior of the roofs above the vaulting of the choir and three of the transepts in the course of a thorough cleaning, which is part of the Three-Year Plan of the Friends of Rochester Cathedral.

After the dust had been brushed from the timbers steps were taken to prevent ravages by insects, and all ironwork was painted.

The surroundings of Rochester Cathedral are being improved by the restoration of the Norman Cloister and the Cloister Garth, from which a private house and garage have been removed, so that a new view of the beautiful windows of the South Transept has been obtained.

A friend of the dean and some students of the Medway School of Art have written descriptive notices of what visitors should see in the cathedral, and these examples of beautiful lettering, which are framed and hung on the walls, are very helpful.

*We wish we could say that Rochester had a group of friends of the town who would save it from some of its shabbiness. There is no more historic place than this, yet the sight of its useless old bridge across the river and the spectacle of its gasometer are things to make an angel weep.*

## When a Big Ship Sinks

The sinking of the Spanish insurgent cruiser *Balcares* affords an interesting test of the respective value of attacks upon warships by aeroplanes and surface vessels.

The cruiser, a big vessel of 10,000 tons, was attacked by the bombs of seven aeroplanes and by the torpedoes of small fast vessels known as destroyers. The airmen claim that they hit the cruiser with bombs, but it certainly appears that it was a torpedo launched by a destroyer that sank the ship. On the other hand, the cruiser was a vessel inadequately armoured and out-of-date, so that we cannot build much on the result of the action.

The sinking of the ship may serve again to remind us of the peculiar risks of fighting seamen. Three hundred of the crew perished with her. At the Battle of Jutland there were even worse losses. The *Queen Mary* and other great warships were sunk almost immediately they were attacked, and nearly all their crews, from the officers to the boys, perished. A terrible thing it is that a thousand fine fellows should thus die with a warship at one fell swoop. In land fighting the modern general has necessarily to be behind the long lines he has to direct, and is therefore rarely killed; on the sea the admiral goes down with his ship.

## The Little Pianist

The many people who must have seen the film called *One Hundred Men and a Girl*, in which the heroine gathers together a hundred unemployed musicians and persuades a famous conductor to conduct her orchestra, will be interested in this true story of a girl in Budapest.

Her name is Louisa, and, though only 13, she is an excellent pianist. One day her father, an unemployed musician, happened to hear an orchestra conductor say that he needed a piano soloist. He rushed home and told his daughter, who went to see the conductor in the rehearsal hall and pleaded with him to let her play for him. The musician gave her a trial, and was so pleased with her that two days later Louisa was playing the piano with his orchestra.

# HITLER OVER ALL Germany's Napoleon

WHAT manner of man is this Hitler who fills the papers of the world and changes the map of Europe?

Rising from among the humblest people, he has raised Germany from the dust to the position her rulers sought before the war, that of being the dominating Power of Middle Europe.

From his own mouth we learn how he sees himself. In the hour of his latest triumph he declared that he was the greatest German of all time.

Both he and Mussolini fought in the war, both at its end found their countries deep in the morass of disorder and despair. But Adolf Hitler's extrication of his countrymen from their plight was a harder one, because the disorder and despair were deeper and more widespread in Germany.

### He Could Move Men

The revolution in Germany, and the republic which followed, did not amend the plight of the people. In the outlying German towns poor people continued to starve, and were harassed and plundered on all sides. Adolf Hitler, then a poor young man of 21, was one of them, and with them. He joined a tiny group of people who called themselves the German Worker's Party. They were only five.

But in Hitler's mind they were the Five Just Men. Even then the belief that they were the only ones, and probably that he was the only one, to lead Germany out of the wilderness smouldered in his bosom. He was certain of it when at a mass meeting he discovered that he was an orator. He could move men.

Much has been said and written of him as an orator. When he had firmly established himself in the minds and hearts of the German people his appearances on the platform became surrounded with every effect of theatrical display. But while he was making his mark he did not need them. He had the inborn gift of the orator of searching out what is in the hearts of his audience and saying it so as to move them deeply.

### The Gospel of Youth

He said it in the simplest words, often in colloquial fashion as if just talking to them; but he spoke with a passionate indignation of the wrongs of Germany and of those who were wronging them, enemies outside and enemies within, chiefly the Jews. It was an indignation he truly felt, and so could give voice to it with the highest eloquence. Germans swallowed it wholesale; it must be true, how otherwise could they have been brought so low? The oftener Hitler repeated it the more they were convinced, and he never spared repetition.

But his appeal was not merely to the workers and the very poor. Germany's desperate efforts at that time to meet her debts had brought her middle classes to poverty, when the reduction of the mark to valueless paper money had swept away their incomes and their savings. Germany was full of young men who had nothing to do, and small prospect of earning anything.

To these Hitler spoke, and preached the gospel of youth. Germany, awake!

he shouted at them; and they heard and responded. He told them over and over again that the Nordic German was the salt of the earth. He proved to them that the Jews, whether they were immigrants from Poland or were already established in all the best and most profitable posts in the Fatherland, were the country's bane and the German's enemy.

From that doctrine he has never wavered. He believes it. He is a fanatic about it, and Germany in that hour called for a fanatic.

### The German Prophet

He is far more than that: there is far more in him than the orator who can sway a multitude and play on their passions by what he says and the way he says it. The mystery of that oratory remains a mystery to English people who have listened to it over the wireless. It sounds like nothing but an endless blare of words. But its secret is that Hitler has sounded the hearts of those to whom he speaks.

Beyond that is the character of the man. He is as ascetic as one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and as resolute. They were inspired by religion. He is inspired by a religion which makes Germany the be-all and end-all of earthly good. Germany is god (spelt with a small g) and he is its prophet. They call him Fuehrer, the Leader: he sees himself as the German prophet.

There is the clue to what he is and what he does. He can do no wrong. He has an unalterable confidence in himself. He has faced disaster with undaunted spirit, and has come out stronger from disaster.

### His Book and His Creed

Fifteen years ago he made his first attempt at a rising against authority in Munich, failed, and was sentenced to five years' detention in a fortress.

He employed the eight months he was there in writing *Mein Kampf* (My Struggle), in which he set out his ambitions for Germany and what he would make of her. When he came out he remained seven years in the wilderness, but at the end of them, in 1930, the Nazi movement he had founded polled, first, six million votes and in two years doubled them. The President, old Marshal Hindenburg, did not believe in him, but that made no difference to Hitler, who believed in himself. He forced his way to the highest authority. He set out to remake Germany to his own pattern.

It has sometimes been said that Hitler was the puppet behind which the real controllers of Germany worked their will and their designs. We find that hard to believe now. When others opposed him Hitler ruthlessly suppressed them. His adventures in Europe have more than once been opposed by the men about him, even by the Chiefs of the Army, which in the last resort is the prop and defence of the State.

Hitler has ignored counsel and has crushed all who opposed him. He has gone his own way. Where that way will lead him none can tell. But it is true of Dictatorship, as of other spheres of action, that nothing succeeds like success, *till it fails*.

## THERE WERE SEVEN DISCIPLES Now There Are Two

Mr Cecil Henry Polhill of the China Inland Mission has gone to his rest, at the end of his long life of mission work.

More than fifty years ago he became one of that band of brothers, young men who gave up all else to go to China as missionaries, and who because of their willing sacrifice became famous as the Cambridge Seven.

At that time, about 1885, the evangelist Mr D. L. Moody was speaking to meetings at many places in England. One of his meetings so stirred six Cambridge undergraduates that then and there they resolved to become missionaries.

### Resolve That Thrilled England

Some of them had already won a name in narrower fields. C. T. Studd was then captain of the Cambridge cricket eleven, and like his brother G. Kynaston Studd (afterwards Lord Mayor of London) played for England. Stanley Smith was stroke of the Cambridge eight, Arthur Polhill had been in the Eton eleven, as his brother Cecil Henry Polhill had been two years before. Besides these there were William Cassels, Dixon Hoste, and Sir Montagu Beauchamp.

The resolve of these six young men thrilled the England of that day; and Cecil Polhill, who had already left Cambridge and joined the Army, threw up his commission. Then they were seven. Now they are two, Sir Montagu Beauchamp and Mr Dixon Hoste.

Mr Hoste, who gave up his commission in the Royal Artillery to join the others, worked in Shansi and Honan before becoming Director of the Chinese Inland Mission, returning only a year or so ago.

### Cricketer and Missionary

Sir Montagu Beauchamp served as a Chinese missionary for a quarter of a century before coming home, and then joined up as chaplain in the Great War.

Of the others, C. T. Studd, the cricketer, died in harness as a missionary in Africa 1931. He had started a mission there after labouring in the vineyard in China and India. He paid more than one visit to the USA, and a tale told in the CN a few years ago shows how widespread the influence of a good man's faith can be. He was speaking at a meeting to young men of Cornell University when a clever young man, John Mott, came casually in to listen to the Englishman. As he took his seat he heard three sentences spoken by Mr Studd:

*Young man, seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not. Seek ye first the kingdom of God.*

Young John Mott turned aside; and he too became one of the world's influences for righteousness and peace.

Of the others, Mr Cecil Polhill's brother Arthur died after a long life of great work three years ago; Stanley Smith, the oarsman, and William Cassels, who became Bishop of North China, both died there.

Only two, we have said, still live; but their example and that of the others who have gone on before them can never die.

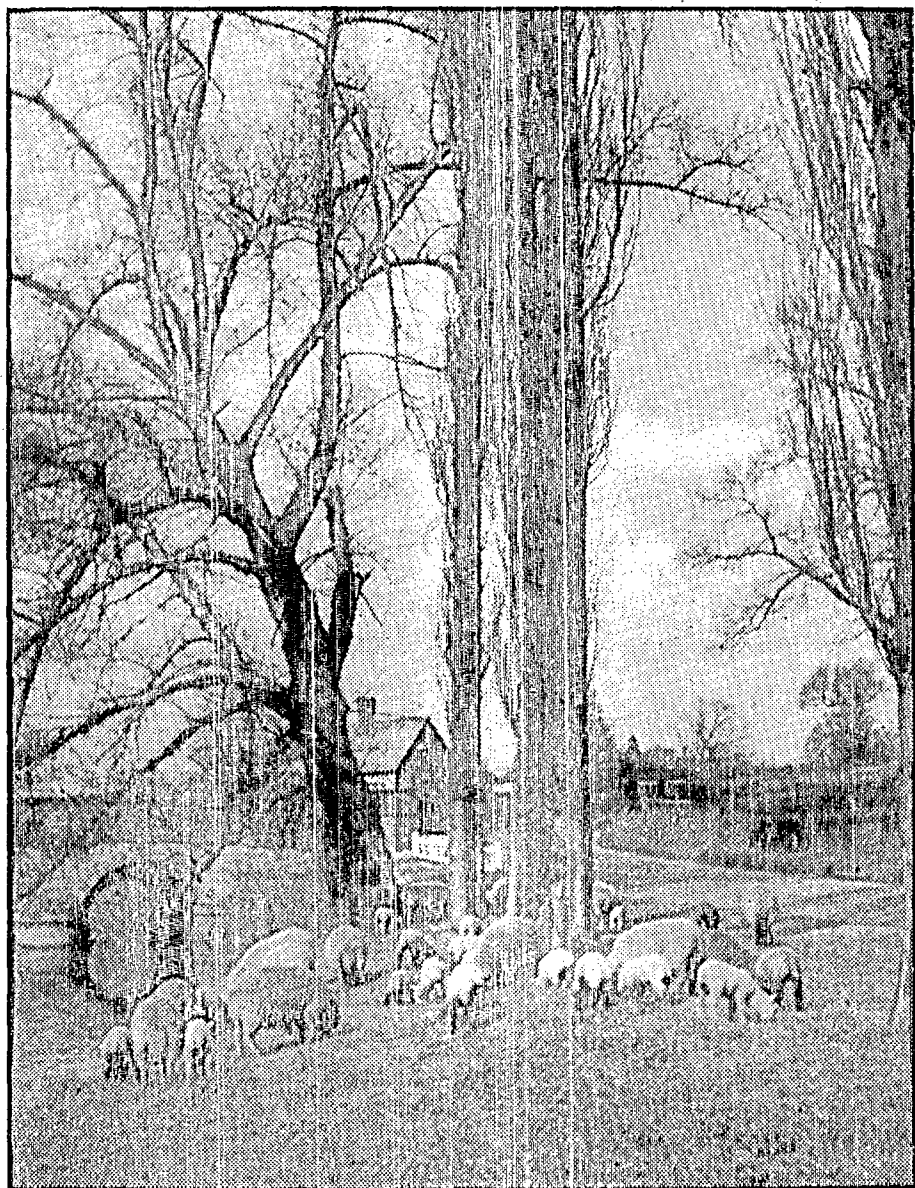
## The Musical Glasses

The glass harmonica is a practically unknown instrument, for the last great virtuoso on it died over a hundred years ago, and since then this delightful instrument has fallen into disuse.

Musicians were much interested and intrigued, therefore, when Mr Bruno Hoffmann played it not long ago at a chamber concert in London. This curious instrument is made up of several wineglasses and is played on the rims with moistened fingers.



## March in the Countryside



Summer has called this month, for March came in like a lamb. Will it go out like a lion?

## STRANGE TALE OF TWO GIRAFFES

**B**OXER, the baby giraffe at Whipsnade, growing like a young tree, is likely to be the chief joy of visitors at Easter, by which time neither the lofty baby nor its towering mother will any longer harbour fears and suspicions of strangers who come to gaze and admire.

Young people seeing these fine creatures will marvel to learn that the war almost brought about the extinction of our resident giraffes. All but one old female died. Of course, the stock could not be repewed at such a time, nor could peace repair the ravages. The Zoo had difficulty in obtaining giraffes.

### A March in the Rain

At last, 17 years ago, two fine animals were captured in West Africa and booked for London. First they had to make a march of hundreds of miles to the coast at Dakar, and the rainy season was at its height.

When at liberty giraffes may not see rain for months or years, for they can obtain all the moisture they need from the herbage on which they feed. But now they had to cross ways seamed with streams and rivers, many of them in flood. Never before had they encountered such sights and terrors, yet on their stilt-like legs they stalked through deep waterways. At last there came a river too deep to ford, and these two great creatures had to swim, towed by boats whose occupants held up the heads of the frightened beasts. The male succeeded in overcoming the ordeal, but in mid-river the female suddenly died; her death resulting, it is supposed, from shock to the nervous system. Sand-

storms and all the horrors of the howling wilderness she had braved; water was sudden death to her.

So that left one giraffe, which arrived safely and in good condition at the coast. There an almost incredible thing happened. The owner left the animal in a compound with a Negro to look after him. Also in charge of the native was a cask of rum, which he was ordered to divide into bucketfuls and distribute about the estate.

Walking off with one consignment, he left a second bucketful in the compound, intending to return for it; but the giraffe, which could go waterless for months, found his curiosity stirred by the bucket of rum, and, approving the smell, drank the lot. The great creature died within a few hours from the effects of his fatal draught. Water had killed his mate; poisonous rum was too much for this magnificent creature.

### This Is An Idea

From America comes an idea for getting rid of ugliness.

According to the *Sunset Magazine* the citizens of Monterey in California vote 12 times a year to decide which is the ugliest building in the neighbourhood. Owners of the winning building usually accept the verdict with a good grace, taking steps to remove their building or at any rate improve it.

It seems to us that the idea might well be introduced here, and we should like to know which building in London would get the first vote.

## Here Life Passed By For Ages

### THE WONDERFUL STORY OF MAIDEN CASTLE

**O**N a hill in Dorset stand the grass-covered remains of the ancient British fortress which for many centuries since its fall has kept the name of Maiden Castle.

Four years of patient work have revealed much more than its outline and the nature of its defences. The tale can at last be fully told of how it fell before the onslaught of the Emperor Vespasian, when, a century after Julius Caesar had come and gone, the Romans again returned for conquest.

Strange it is that while half the world today is uneasily looking war in the face, a few contemplative antiquarians should be unearthing the sights and sounds of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." But the fall of Maiden Castle is part of our rough island story, and the desperate struggle there, now pictured by the antiquarians, is the heritage of our mingled race. We may well be grateful for it.

We may imagine that after Julius Caesar's legions had thundered by the ancient British people turned again to the tending of their flocks and herds, and so remained for three placid generations, with an occasional tribal war to break the monotony of existence. Maiden Castle, standing amid the cornfields, was the strongest fortress in Britain, a landmark among the line of earthworks stretching from Dorset through Wilts and farther west. It protected the fertile south hereabouts from attacks of hungrier tribes.

### The Army of Vespasian

It was well able to deal with these; for it was the most formidable fortress town of Wessex; but it had no reason to expect an attack from the south. Its very strength was its undoing, for when Vespasian's army came in the year 43 A.D. it was singled out as the one place which the Romans must reduce to clear the way to the west; and the assault came from just that quarter which long immunity had led the Britons least to expect it.

The Romans first conquered the Isle of Wight, and, coming up south and east, their left wing, under Vespasian's command, crossed the River Frome, near where they afterwards built the town which still bears the Roman name of Dorchester. Looking from there the invading commander would see the British city which the Romans named Dunium, or simply the Dun, like an island of the downs.

Towards his gaze stretched the outworks of the great western entrance, which long before the excavators laid them bare were described by Thomas Hardy as ramparts overlapping one another like loosely clasped fingers, with a zigzag path running between them.

Thomas Hardy added, with a poet's vision, that men must have gone out by those gates in the morning to battle with the Roman legions.

They may have done, but according to Mr Mortimer Wheeler of the London Museum, who has laboured so vigilantly at these four-year excavations, the fury of the Roman attack was concentrated at the eastern end of the castle. Here the Romans brought into action something the Britons had never seen, their ballistas, throwing a barrage of iron-headed heavy arrows, corresponding to the artillery of fifteen centuries later. One of these arrow-heads was found by the excavators where it had struck deep into the frame of a British defender.

### Fire and Sword

Under cover of this barrage the Roman infantry fought their way up the slope, dislodging the defenders from the low stone towers commanding the trackways, and clearing the huts standing just outside the ramparts. They battered down the oak gates and the stone walls beside them, and gave all that was within the stronghold to fire and sword. The ashes and the arrow-heads remain to verify the story, and the shallow graves where the townsfolk hastily buried their dead complete it.

Thereafter, when the victorious Romans moved westwards to Devon to complete their conquest, the disarmed and vanquished Britons crept back to their ruined town to live as they might on what was left of their crops and herds. A sad tale indeed if we did not remember that for another four centuries peace remained unbroken here, and Britons became the Romanised Britons from whom in part we are descended. The conquest of Maiden Castle was an episode in the history of our land.

But these excavations at Maiden Castle have revealed quite another chapter of its story, and one going back to its beginning long before the Romans came, when a race of Stone Age men lived and built and died here. In the middle of the huge fortification is a burial mound a third of a mile long and 60 feet wide, and it penetrates into the outskirts of what may have been a Stone Age village. In the mound took place the burials of Stone Age folk. Who were they, and from what land did these first invaders come? Perhaps from France, an offshoot of the people who raised the thousand stone pillars of Carnac in Brittany. Whoever they were, these were the first invaders; and buried beside one of them has been found the skeleton of a Saxon warrior.

The first of the invaders rests by the side of almost the last of these whose mingling has made the Anglo-Saxon race.

## POOR CHRISTOPHER SMART

**I**t is announced that a new manuscript by Christopher Smart has been discovered, and the news is of much interest.

Poor Christopher Smart was born in Shipbourne, the poet who drank himself to Bedlam and the grave, and left behind a mass of pompous poetry to be forgotten, with one work that will always be remembered. In the solitude of the asylum inspiration came to him, and with a piece of charcoal on the walls

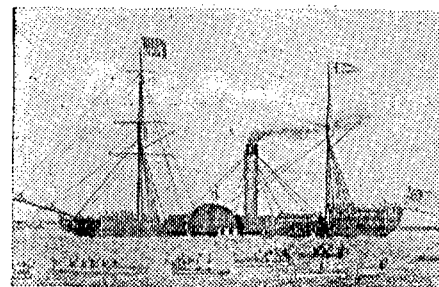
of his cell and a key to dent his words on the door and wainscot he wrote the first lines of his immortal *Song to David*, a poem of magnificent stanzas.

Only five printed copies of the poem exist, and one of these was bought in 1927 as a treasure for the British Museum. Browning wrote that the *Song* classed Christopher Smart with Milton and with Keats! It is said that the new manuscript shows signs of a disordered mind.



# A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE ATLANTIC FERRY

From This



The little Sirius of 703 tons

A hundred years ago next week the Sirius, first ship to cross the Atlantic under steam, left London for Cork, there to begin on April 4 her historic crossing to New York. To commemorate this an exhibition has been opened at the Science Museum, South Kensington. Let us look into the story of this wonderful century of progress.

At the door of the Science Museum's Exhibition to illustrate the hundred years of Transatlantic Steam Navigation stands a big black dog carved in wood and a highly ornamented gold cup with pictures in enamel of famous transatlantic liners.

The dog is the figurehead of the little paddle steamer Sirius, which crossed the Atlantic under continuous steam power in April 1838, and won honour for herself as the pioneer transatlantic steamship. The gold cup is that now held by the French liner Normandie to signify that she holds the Blue Riband of the Atlantic for the fastest passage.

The plucky little Sirius was 703 tons gross, built of wood, driven by engines of 320 h-p. She was indeed so small (not much larger than a modern tug boat) that her crew threatened to mutiny, and only the determination of her commander got her from Cork to New York in 18 days, at an average speed for the crossing of 6.7 knots.

## The Giants of Today

The Normandie, 86,496 tons gross, with a greatest output from her turbines of 160,000 h-p, crossed in January in 3 days 22 hours 7 minutes at a mean speed of 31.2 knots.

She is run closely by our own Queen Mary, which held the Blue Riband till this year with a crossing of 3 days 23 hours 57 minutes at a mean speed of 30.63 knots. The Queen Mary is 80,773 tons, with a horse-power of 200,000.

These figures mark the contrast between the steam vessels of today and 100 years ago, and the skill, resource, and ambitious competitiveness between shipbuilders and engineers which have brought it about, and which will continue to make the contrast wider.

In the story of invention there is always another. The Dutch claim that

the ship Curacao, built at Dover, but fitted with steam engines in Holland, sailed from Hellevoetsluis to Dutch Guiana in April 1827, and so was the first steamship to cross the Atlantic. But it is not clear that she was steaming all the way. Several ships, the Savannah, which preceded the Curacao, and the first Royal William among them, crossed the Atlantic with steam auxiliary engines, but depending mostly on their sails. But the Sirius kept her engines going all the way, so we may without undue boasting claim for this steamship of the Dog Star the honour of being the pioneer.

In the hundred years that followed the Americans share with us the glory of pushing onward to ever higher summits, and were joined in the last generation by the Germans with the Bremen, the Italians with the Savoia, and the French with the Normandie, the three ships which, together with the Queen Mary, represent the 20th-century advance. The Americans were as energetic and purposeful as the British in putting steam on the seas. They had Robert Fulton, whose ship the Phoenix was said to have been the first to navigate by steam, in 1807.

These early efforts were as unpopular on the sea as the steam locomotive was at first on land. A tale is told of Douglas Jamson, a Clyde skipper, who whenever the new Clyde steamboat Comet passed his slow-going sloop, piped all hands, a man and a boy, and bade them "kneel down and thank God that ye sail with the Almighty's own wind, and no with the devil's fire and brimstone like that spluttery thing there."

But fire and brimstone continued to drive the ships along with rapidly increasing speed and success. A few hours after the Sirius reached New York, there to be received with rap-

turous enthusiasm by a large number of citizens including the Mayor, the Great Western, specially designed by the great Brunel for the Atlantic passage, followed her. She had made the journey in 15 clear days. The cutting down of the crossing had begun.

The Americans were in for the competition, and the foundation of the Atlantic Ferry was laid by one of them, with the memorable name of Samuel Cunard. He commissioned the Britannia to carry the mails between Great Britain and America in 1840. On this vessel Charles Dickens sailed in 1842, and wrote a most depressing account in his American Notes of its so-called luxurious passenger accommodation. Its saloon "was a long and narrow apartment; not unlike a gigantic hearse with windows at its sides, having at the upper end a melancholy stove." The whole of the Britannia, shorn of her masts and funnel, would have comfortably fitted into the restaurant and foyer of the Queen Mary. But she made 40 Atlantic crossings.

## The Coming of the Screw

Next came the arrival of the iron ship, and of what was as important, the screw. The Great Britain, built like the Great Western to the designs of Isambard Brunel, combined both. Weights were going up. Her tonnage was 3720 gross; and she crossed from Liverpool to New York in July 1845 in just over 15 days. Then came the magnificent failure of the Great Eastern, a premature leviathan built forty years too soon. If she was not a success on the ferry her fame is secure as the ship that laid the Atlantic Cable.

Then with the Servia of 1881 the transition from iron to steel arrives, and the old Servia saw service till

the 20th century was well begun. Other ships were passing and surpassing her, the Philadelphia, the first equipped with twin screws, the Campania, and the Oceanic, the last British liner to be launched in the 19th century. She was also the first to signalise that the day of the big ship had arrived.

With the end of the century came the newest development, the turbine-driven ship. The turbine was first applied to a British torpedo ship. In 1904 it was fitted to the British liner Virginian, of the Allan Line, and on her trials she reached with her turbines a speed of nearly 20 knots.

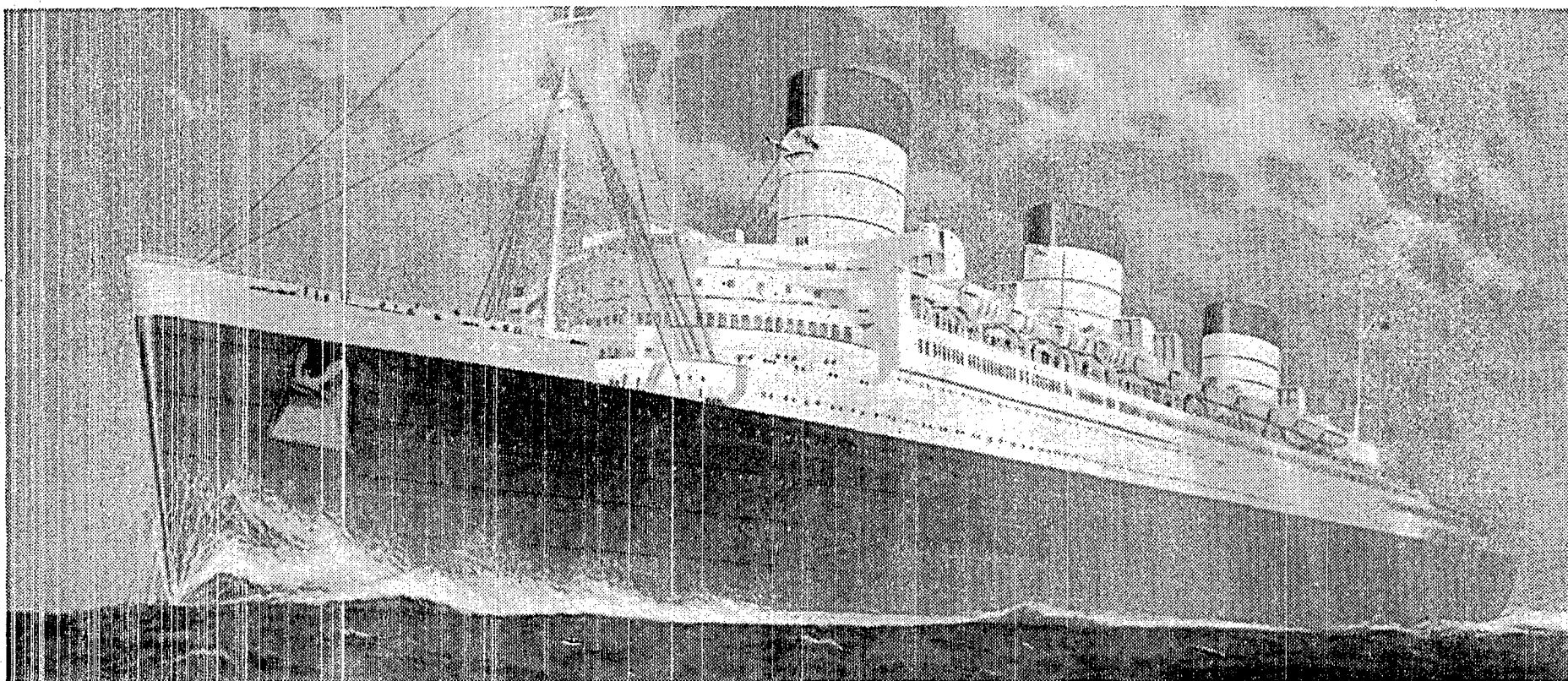
Then came the gallant old Mauretania, launched in 1906, which raised the speed to over 27 knots, easily won the Blue Riband, and held it for 22 years. She was 30,906 tons gross, developed 70,000 h-p, and in the war was a hospital ship. She left New York for the last time on September 26, 1934, the same day that the Queen Mary was launched.

Now appear on the Atlantic roll the Olympic (White Star) and the two German-built liners, the Bismarck (afterwards the Majestic), launched in 1914, and the Bremen, which appeared after the war, 51,656 tons gross, 130,000 h-p.

With her completion and that of the Empress of Britain (42,348 tons gross) we come to the day of the gigantic ships. The end is not yet. Queen Mary's rival is on the stocks at Clydebank. What ships will be in another hundred years who can tell?

To This

The Cunard White Star Liner Queen Mary, a giant of more than 80,000 tons





## THE MIRACLE THAT HAPPENED

### Radium Lost and Found

It will be a long time before the story of eight milligrammes of radium is forgotten at Newcastle Royal Infirmary.

A milligramme is almost a microscopic amount. When we remember that it is little more than a hundredth of a grain, and that 437 grains go to an ounce, we realise that finding eight milligrammes is much more difficult than finding a needle in a haystack. It is like rescuing a few specks of dust once you have flicked them off your finger.

What happened at Newcastle was that eight years ago the eight milligrammes of radium, worth about £200, were accidentally thrown into an incinerator along with some dressings. They passed through the furnace and were gathered up with the cinders. The cinders were scattered on a cinder track.

All this happened eight years ago. Since then Newcastle has had its share of sunshine and storm, of hail and frost and rain and wind. The track has been trodden under foot. The cinders have been crushed and pressed together, and all this time the radium (every second giving off energy) had been lying there.

#### Detected by Sound

The authorities tried in every way to recover the precious radium; but years ago the search was abandoned.

*One day a few weeks ago the lost milligrammes were suddenly found.*

It is an amazing story. If we could ever be sure of anything we could have been sure that the eight milligrammes of radium had gone for ever; but on a new radium-finding apparatus being tried at the Infirmary a miracle happened. The apparatus is capable of detecting the presence of minute particles of radium, and gives out an odd sound which increases the nearer it is brought towards any speck of the precious substance. Taken to the cinder track by officials of the Radiological Department, it was moved here and there in the neighbourhood in which the radium was believed to have been thrown out, and it directed the searchers to the precise spot, and the radium was there.

It was recovered, sterilised, and is now in use again, carrying on its healing work, a miracle miraculously recovered.

### The Island Hermit

An exile far away has lately been over from Canada. He was glad to see the Old Country, but soon began to long for solitude. Now he has gone back to the snows of the Yukon for another four years with his friends the Eskimos.

He will go by train from the docks to Edmonton, where he will join an air-liner for another 2000 miles of comfortable travel. He will leave the air-liner at a place where his dog team will be waiting, and they will take him 150 miles through the snow to his lonely home on Herschel Island—snowbound for nine months of every year. Once again he will live on wild duck and caribou, and get his letters twice a year; but he has a wireless set and listens every day to Big Ben. He is Mr Bennett, and his English home is Brighton.

### Tricking the Turkeys

In America they are tricking the poor turkey hens into beginning to lay earlier in the season so that people may have all the plump turkeys they want.

To make sure that there will be enough turkeys this year, the turkey raisers of the northern States, where the hens begin to lay much later in the year, began on the first of February to turn on electric lights in their poultry houses every morning at 4 o'clock. The trick has been very successful in most cases, for the turkeys are already beginning to lay. They apparently think it is spring because it gets light so early.

## Two More Specks For the Stars and Stripes?

AMERICA has sent to the British Government its formal claim as the owner of two islands close to the Equator in the middle of the Pacific and also to some 300,000 square miles of the Antarctic Continent.

The islands belong to the Phoenix Group, and bear the names Enderbury and Canton; and when we look at our maps and books of reference we discover the word British printed clearly against them. They were attached by Order in Council last March to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, and New Zealanders are erecting a radio station on Canton Island. As for Antarctica, though the figure appears big, it only amounts to about a seventeenth of that vast region of five million square miles, by far the greater part of which has never been traversed by man. The American claim has arisen from the remarkable expedition led by Admiral Byrd, when some astounding flights were made and coal deposits discovered 180 miles from the Pole.

There will be no international quarrel about the Great White South, and in any case it is hardly likely that parties of British and Americans will set out to fix boundary stones.

#### The Monroe Doctrine

When our Prime Minister read the claim from America his thoughts may have gone back to his father, who was Minister for the Colonies when there was a serious boundary dispute with America at the close of last century. This dispute concerned some waste territory on the borders of British Guiana and Venezuela, and President Cleveland raised the international temperature by stressing the Monroe Doctrine. In spite of Mr Cleveland, Lord Salisbury and his Colonial Minister settled the dispute amicably.

It was Joseph Chamberlain who made the famous speech about the need for following in the footsteps of our ancestors, who had not been ashamed to peg out claims for posterity and thus create the foreign trade without which the population of Great Britain would starve. This was in 1893, when he was urging this country to retain Uganda.

It is now the rôle of President Roosevelt to peg out claims in the Pacific and thus reverse what was America's policy until not long ago.

The explanation of this new rôle is doubtless the realisation that the plane is bringing about a vital change in world communications, and that so progressive a nation as America does not wish to be second in the race for bridging the Pacific at great speed.

There is no commercial value in the Phoenix Group, its eight islands occupying only 16 square miles of the ocean and having attracted no more than 60 people. They are just coral strands incapable of supporting a population; similar to Howland Island, which was occupied by Hawaiian native boys a year or two ago, as we told in the C.N.

#### Mid-Ocean Aerodromes

Like Howland Island, Canton Island and Enderbury Island are just big enough for an aerodrome on which planes can land as a halfway house between Hawaii and New Zealand, and it is stated that each has a lagoon. As a proof that Howland Island was purely a commercial proposition its administration was handed over to the Secretary of the Interior and not to the Secretary of the Navy, like Wake Island, Midway Island, and Guam Island, which form links in the airway from Hawaii to the Philippines. America wishes to erect lighthouses and radio stations on both Canton and Enderbury.

We must not forget, however, that America has a highly-prized possession in Tutuila and other islands of the Samoa Group, and that Japan has many advocates for keeping for herself those islands which the League entrusted to her under mandate. These islands as her exclusive property would extend the Japanese Empire as far south as the Equator, and some of them might be transformed into air bases of sufficient strength to cut communications between America and the Philippines.

We must earnestly hope that only commercial planes will visit these lonely coral islands of Canton and Enderbury. Even the native Polynesians have left them to their myriads of seabirds.

## David Throws Down Three Goliaths

THE football semi-finals for the English Cup are being fought this week-end.

Whatever happens, we may be sure that nothing that remains in the contest for this paramount football trophy can excel the triumphs, ending at last in honourable defeat, of little York City, the Northern Third Division club, which has been the dazzling giant-slayer of the season.

Their team consists mainly of working men (Baines, their centre-forward, is foreman in a chocolate factory), yet, having won their way against minor teams through the qualifying rounds, they overthrew in turn a powerful Second Division side in Coventry City, then those great Cup fighters West Bromwich Albion, and afterwards Middlesbrough, regarded as possible winners of the Cup.

Next came the challenge of Huddersfield, old League champions and Cup winners, but only good fortune saved them from the fate of their predecessors. They drew luckily at York; the replay at Huddersfield was fatal to the juniors. After a really heroic effort York were beaten by two goals to one, and at last departed, the most admired and respected team of the season. The Davids had overthrown three Goliaths; the fourth, at the second time of playing, were just too strong or, it may be, too fortunate for them.

It is courage and unexpected success such as this that makes football attractive and intriguing. Every Saturday

and every season has its surprise. Last season it was Millwall who defeated all comers up to the semi-final round of the Cup. Earlier the very modest Walsall team had shattered the hopes of the Arsenal, who seemed then almost invincible. Charlton, as a minor side, had a season of giant-killing; Crystal Palace shocked the entire North by beating Everton by six clear goals at Liverpool, as still earlier they had beaten the magnificent Newcastle side on its home ground.

It has always been so. Money and reputation do not count on the field; courage, energy, initiative, ability to face a crisis—these are the qualities that win crucial games.

One of the earliest among the lesser ones was Notts County, the first Second Division team to win the Cup. It emerged from a season of mediocrity to beat a succession of splendid teams and to achieve in the final, against Bolton Wanderers, one of the most complete routs ever witnessed in such an encounter. When the southern clubs, with the two Varsityes and the Old Boys clubs, were in their zenith there rose a team of factory lads, Blackburn Olympic, who came to London for the final, took the Cup from a brilliant Old Etonian side, and began a series of northern triumphs which kept the Cup from the south for the next twenty years.

No team is beaten until the other side has won, and the gallant little York team knows it.

## WHAT A TREE DOES

### Wonderful Machine That Keeps Air Fresh

Trees are the chief means of keeping the air fresh, said the founder of The Men of the Trees the other day, when urging that more trees should be planted in town streets.

Mr St Barbe Baker added that those who planted trees in towns were public benefactors; and few would be found to disagree except purblind borough councillors who take a pride in disfiguring them by lopping.

How does a tree freshen the air? It breathes. The leaf absorbs from the air chiefly oxygen and carbon-dioxide. The second of these gases is present in very small quantities only, say about three parts in 10,000. But the leaf takes it in greedily because it is the sole source of the carbon which forms so large a part of the dry weight of the tree.

#### Oxygen to Spare

Free oxygen is also wanted, as it is by almost all living things for carrying on respiration. While respiration is at work the oxygen acts on the contents of the cells of the leaf and of the plant or tree as a whole, so as to convert them into the plant food which makes fibre and wood and bark, and so gives a tree its twigs, its branches, its trunk.

But, in contrast to animals, the need of oxygen by trees or plants is a very modest one. They are most economical machines and can take oxygen from the leaves while the light of day is assisting in the work of forming food from the plant cells.

Consequently the tree has plenty of oxygen to spare and to give away. Its leaves are permeated by channels and spaces, and so, in a less degree, are all its parts. Into these channels the air penetrates, and some part of it is used up. But a tree breathes all over and through its body, and pure oxygen and the very small proportion of carbon-dioxide flows out again.

The point about their discharges is that they are clean. The tree has acted as a filter. It keeps the outside air fresh.

#### Freer Trade

America has made a Trade Pact with Czechoslovakia which it is hoped will lead to increased commerce.

It has been made in spite of the protests of American manufacturers, who do not relish the prospect of more imports of boots. Other American treaties of the sort are in process of negotiation.

British representatives are in America, and it is hoped that concessions on both sides will make for trade prosperity. The American manufacturers are putting up an even stronger fight than in the case of Czechoslovakia, but President Roosevelt has set his heart on widening the avenues of trade, and he knows that the high American tariff is one of the greatest world obstacles to trade.

The American Government has just assured Germany that there will be no objection to negotiating a similar trade treaty with her.

### Spring at Somerset's Showplace

Magnificent Montacute is being given a spring-clean by the National Trust, and Somerset's finest Elizabethan mansion will be ready for an occupier who does not mind showing people round.

Carpenters and painters were hard at work when we called the other day, and the laundry was also being fitted up as a refreshment-room. The gardener was putting new plants into the borders, and the glorious yews were as perfectly shaped as the shears could make them. Soon throngs of visitors will be filing through the house, and we hope it will not be long before the empty rooms are filled with fine furniture by a tenant of the Trust.



## MARS PASSES ABOVE URANUS

### Where We May Glimpse a World That Turned Over

By the C N Astronomer

Uranus, a world rarely seen owing to its faintness, may be easily found next week in consequence of the nearness of Mars, which is unmistakable in the western sky in the evening.

Mars can be recognised by his reddish tint, below the Pleiades toward the right. As Mars will appear to pass close above Uranus the identification of this much fainter planet becomes easy.

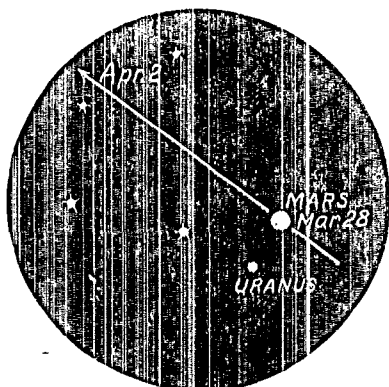
The time for observation will, however, be brief during each evening, for Mars sets about 9.40 p.m. and, as twilight lingers to nearly 8 o'clock, between 8 and 8.30 will be the most suitable. Even then glasses will be needed, as the sky is usually not very clear at such a low altitude, while Uranus is now at barely 6th magnitude.

#### 1910 Million Miles Away

With any kind of binoculars, however, or small telescope it will be very easy to find Uranus. The star-map shows approximately the field-of-view with the position of Uranus relative to stars of similar brightness. Mars, of course, appears very much brighter, while his rapid motion will take him along the line of the arrow in the course of next week. He will appear nearest to Uranus on Monday, when he will be less than twice the Moon's apparent width away.

Actually Mars is very much nearer to us than to Uranus, being about 205 million miles distant, whereas Uranus is about 1910 million miles away. We thus see why Uranus appears so faint, although it is a world nearly 400 times the size of Mars and no less than 59 times the size of the Earth.

It is a very strange and literally a topsy-turvy world, about as different from ours as it could be. This is chiefly because Uranus appears to have rolled over on to its side, so to speak, at some early stage of its existence when its moons were part of itself. To such an extent has this planet tilted that the poles of Uranus have become wrong way up, the south being at a higher level than the north, relative to the



The path of Mars above Uranus, as may be observed with glasses during next week

plane of his orbit and that of the other planets, when viewed from the Earth. If the same thing had happened to the Earth we should have the North Pole in Bolivia, while the South Pole would be in Siam, a state of things that would have transformed our world beyond conception. As it is, on almost half of Uranus a day lasts for many years, and a night is equally long, notwithstanding the fact that Uranus rotates in only 10 hours and 49 minutes.

Uranus has four moons, Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon, taking 2 days 12 hours 30 minutes; 4 days 3 hours 28 minutes; 8 days 17 hours; and 13 days 11 hours 15 minutes, respectively, to revolve round Uranus.

As these moons receive about 370 times less light from the Sun than our Moon does, and are, moreover, smaller, they are far less effective as producers of moonlight. G. F. M.

## WELLS

SINCE the dawn of civilisation human dwellings have gathered round a spring of water or a well, for without water life is impossible.

In our own land we have wells in almost every village, and, though the days are going when one of the most familiar of all country scenes is a man or woman drawing water at the well, we may still come upon a green with one of those charming little wells with a roof, a handle, and a bucket.

#### On Holy Thursday

Tissington in Derbyshire is famous for its wells. All roads lead to Tissington on Holy Thursday, for on that day the five wells are decorated with flowers. Cornwall is proud of its holy wells, springs of fresh water once believed to have been blessed by some of the saints whose names are enshrined in so many Cornish villages.

Two of the most curious of our wells are in Yorkshire. One is Knaresborough's Dropping Well, close by Mother Shipton's Cave and within a stone's throw of the River Nidd; and here we may find a strange collection of articles hung up so that the water dropping on them may give them a covering of stone.

But we have to visit Giggleswick to see our famous ebbing and flowing well. It is by the roadside, a stone trough into which a stream of water pours. Sometimes the trough will fill and empty in a few minutes; sometimes the water will remain stationary for hours together.

#### A Mysterious Escape

A curious story is told of Sundar Singh, the famous Christian Sadhu. Travelling and preaching in Tibet, he was taken prisoner and locked in a disused well, the Lama putting the key of the well-cover in his girdle. Soon after Sundar Singh was preaching in a village not far off. So far as the Lama knew the well had never been opened. The key was still in his girdle. What is more, the Lama never learnt how Sundar Singh escaped, and Sundar Singh himself never knew who removed the cover.

John Gibson Paton, when a missionary in the New Hebrides, amazed the natives by digging a hole to get water. Everyone said water came from heaven, the gift of the rain doctors, and they laughed at the white man. But he went on with his work, digging deeper and deeper till one day he came to water. Filling a jug with it, he handed it up to the chief, who after much hesitation ventured to taste it. After that all the natives called John Gibson Paton a wizard.

#### The Fox and the Bear

Very quaint is Aesop's fable of the fox and the bear, the fox tricking the bear to go down a well for a big cheese which was really the reflection of the moon; and still more odd is the story told by the dormouse to Alice in Wonderland. "Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well."

But the East is the land where we have to go for wells. Wells were there as far back as we can trace the story of mankind. They were in use in the earliest Bible times; Hagar saw a well of water when God opened her eyes; Rebekah drew water at the well. It was to the woman at the well of whom we read that Jesus spoke the memorable words: God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

## FROM PEAK TO CHEVIOT

### Youth on the Mountain Tops of England

Ramblers who met at Hope in Derbyshire recently talked of an idea which is stirring them to enthusiasm.

They wish to walk on the mountain tops and see the glory of the world below their feet. Their ambition is to secure a right of way along the mountains from the Peak to the Cheviots,



a lofty path of some 250 miles, to be known as the Pennine Way.

Steps are to be taken to establish a continuous right of way, the track embracing 16 existing roads and paths, leaving only 68 miles to be pioneered. It is hoped that before long youth will be striding from end to end of the Pennines; and we certainly believe that this skyway over the hills would be one of the most thrilling walks in the world.

## Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 47 the two prizes of ten shillings each were won by Florence Johnson, 4 Finsbury Road, Leagrave, Luton, and Betty Pithy, 60 King Street, Aberdeen.

The 40 prizes of fountain pens were awarded to the following:

E. J. Batterham, Newton Abbot; Peggy Berryman, Woodbridge; Norah F. Birch, Leicester; R. Bishop, Wimborne; Mary Bowden, Clapham, S.W.4; Barbara Brookes, Bromley; Hilary Carpenter, Northwood; Marian Collier, Gloucester; Geoffrey Coombes, Teddington; Jacqueline Dalton, Gravesend; Michael Damar, Bournemouth; Sylvia M. Dixon, Wembley; Rosemary Eldridge, Surbiton; Jean K. Elliott, Chester-le-Street; Wemyss Foster, Dunblane; Hilda Fowler, Peterborough; Joan F. Garner, Newcastle; Lois Godsmark, Newark-on-Trent; Arthur K. Greenwood, Halifax; Ray Griffiths, Brynamman; Irene Hodges, Alexandra Park, N.22; Lawrence Irving, Llandudno; Joyce E. King, Birmingham; Marjorie Law, Oldham; Melba Lowes, Oswestry; Elsie M. Lund, Gravesend; Edith Macartney, Ballymena; Beatrice S. B. McMurtrie, The Manse of Skene, Aberdeenshire; Jean McNaught, Glasgow; Janet Pickford, Rhyl; Josie Power, Teddington; Clare Rabone, Eastbourne; Barbara J. Rennie, Theydon Bois; Yvonne Randow, Abingdon; Ian C. Robertson, Manchester; Richard Robinson, Bristol; G. Smart, Esh Winning, Co. Durham; Eileen M. Stone, Taunton; Ruth Turner, Duxbury; Marjorie Ward, Liverpool.

Those boys and girls whose names are marked with an asterisk have obtained new readers and are awarded half-a-crown in addition to the prize. The correct answers were:

Butterfly-wing; fountain pen; laundry basket; miner's lamp; sea-lion; star-fish; straw-hat; tar brush; ticket-punch; tipcat; toecap; water cart.

## Living Too Fast

An engineer just home from New York puts into a few words his protest against one aspect of the Speed Age.

"New York," he says, "you can keep it! Rush and tear, the survival of the fittest and slickest; and that goes for the women and children as well. The small things of life are overlooked; no Please or Thank You; or even Sir, whether by a barber thanking a patron or a bell-boy addressing his employer."

## THE GIVING-AWAY GAME

### A Man Who Remembered Everybody

*The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.*

Southport people are still talking of Mr Philip Storey in Southport, who in his will, revealed a week or two ago, remembered everyone.

Never was there such a will. He was a rich man, and some to whom he left his money will also be rich. To his faithful servants Mr and Mrs Pilkington, his gardener-chauffeur and housekeeper, he left £10,000, which makes them at least very well off.

#### The Lucky Boys

But it was on the poor that he scattered his plenty with a smiling hand. He remembered the errand boys who called at his house. He used always to do that at Christmas-time, when errand boys rather expect to be remembered. But not the most expectant of them could ever have hoped to be remembered in Mr Storey's will; or that he should carefully have noted their names so that he might put them down, for £50 apiece, ten of them, with no mistake about it.

The butcher's boy, the boy who brought the milk, and the man who called for the laundry are among those who are £50 richer for his remembrance. The postman gets such a tip as rarely comes a postman's way. The two young ladies who used to welcome him when Mr Storey stepped in for stamps or postal orders are each richer by £25. He did not forget the dustman, and in leaving him £50 hoped he would share it with his helpers in the dust wagon.

Reading his will, we wonder if he ever forgot anyone. We can see him, dear, kindly, old gentleman, like one of the Cheerybrothers of Dickens, going his daily round, calling in at the chemist's, stopping to chat with a tradesman in his cart (he was upset all day when once he saw the horse standing unprotected in the rain), or looking benevolently at the children coming out from school. When seen they were made a note of, for he did not intend to forget them.

#### All Things Great and Small

So, besides all the people he knew and liked, and who liked him (the parson, the doctor, his servants, his nurses, the man at the newspaper stall) he remembered half a dozen societies for doing good, as he always wished to do. A nursing association, a bluecoat school, a children's aid society, Dr Barnardo's Homes, are all the richer for his knowledge of them.

This was a man of whom it might be said that he knew of nothing better to do with his money than to give it away. He loved all things great and small, his own dogs and stray dogs, the birds that came into his garden. None that he knew went empty away.

He lived to be 75, a life of many days, and all well spent.

## Madame Francois and the Birds

Madame Francois, of 31 Boulevard de Courcelles, Paris, is a great friend of birds who has turned her house into a bird refuge.

Food is put out on the window-sills of the third floor for the smaller birds; pigeons are fed on the pavement down below at 10.30 every morning; on the fourth floor the windows have been taken out, and feeding vessels are kept full all day.

Madame Francois is well known, and all kinds of people bring to her birds which have been injured in the streets. The windows being always open, these patients are quite free to go away as soon as they wish.



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World

**FISH FROM THE SKIES**  
Mountain lakes in the Laurentians near Montreal are being stocked with fish dropped from aeroplanes flying at about 400 feet. In an experiment at Lake Ouimet fine cotton nets were spread just beneath the surface, and nearly all the fish reaching the nets arrived unharmed.

**GREATER GERMANY.** Germany has reclaimed 11,000 acres from the sea. This, however, is a trifle compared with the 32,369 square miles of Austria which have been seized by Hitler. See news columns.

**MINING IN TURKEY.** Turkey is to develop her mining resources by introducing modern methods and better loading and transport facilities. It is hoped to double in three years the output of the Zonguldak coalfields, now producing a million and a half tons a year. See news columns.

**A GIGANTIC CAVE**  
A huge cave which may be the biggest in the world has been found on Guadalupe Mountain in southern New Mexico. Explorers penetrated a limestone cavern for more than three miles, finding pottery and other evidence that the cave had been occupied in past ages.

**MAGELLAN**  
About ten years ago Punta Arenas, the most southerly town in Chile, was renamed Magallanes in honour of Ferdinand Magellan, the Portuguese navigator after whom the Strait of Magellan is named. The Chilean Government now announces that the town is to revert to its name of Punta Arenas.

**ALLIGATORS COMING ASHORE**  
Alligators are now coming ashore from many South American rivers to lay their eggs. The eggs are covered with decaying vegetable matter and are left to hatch.

**HELPING THE COTTON GROWERS.** The fall in cotton prices has hit Uganda badly, for cotton forms about three-quarters of the Protectorate's exports. The cotton is grown almost entirely by native farmers, and the Government is helping the growers by reducing the tax on the product.

**LEOPARD COMES TO TOWN.** On several occasions lately leopards have been seen in the neighbourhood of Abercorn, a town in Northern Rhodesia. A motorist saw one standing in the main shopping centre within a few yards of Government House.

**MONKEY HELPERS**  
An odd item of £14 appears in the estimates for the Malayan Civil Service. It concerns the purchase of two monkeys used by officials to collect botanical specimens from tall trees. The monkeys understand orders shouted to them in Malay.

**AUTUMN COMING ON**  
Autumn is now coming on in Australia and New Zealand. It is not the season of fading and falling leaves as it is in England, for most of the trees are evergreens.

## FROM A MOVING SHIP TO A MOVING CAR

The Queen Mary demonstrated the remarkable efficiency of her ship-to-shore telephone service on a recent voyage.

When she was halfway between England and America a passenger put an urgent call through to a friend in Hampshire. There was no reply, however, and the telephone operator suggested that a call should be put through to a neighbour, asking where the subscriber was. This suggestion was carried out, and it was found that the person wanted was at that moment driving up to London.

Even this setback did not deter the telephone operators on sea and on shore, for they then rang up the nearest garage, found out the registration number of the car, and got in touch with A A scouts on the road, asking them to watch for it. This they did, stopping the car before it reached London. Then the friend was able to go to the nearest telephone box, and within a few minutes was speaking to the passenger on the Queen Mary!

## 1000 Eggs in a Picture

Another of the great wall paintings at South Africa House is finished, the artists being Miss Eleanor Esmonde-White and Mr Leroux Smith Leroux, who have painted scenes of human, plant, and bird life in South Africa.

Bird lovers will be interested to see in these wall paintings the sakabula bird, whose feathers Zulu warriors used for their headdresses. This bird has curious habits, for it never flies more than three feet from the ground and is always surrounded by at least seven mates to save it from danger. More than a thousand eggs were used in these paintings, the colours being mixed with the yolk of egg.

## The Fairy Tale of Kamal Ataturk

MR D'ARCY COOPER knows something of fairy tales come true, for he is Chairman of the vast Lever industries and has seen the rise of Port Sunlight.

He has been meeting the Turkish bankers in London seeking help in the development of their country, and he declares that what has been done since 1923 reads like a fairy tale. With us these things have come down the generations, but Turkey was obliged to begin at zero.

In the first place there is security; an individual can wander freely, confident that no harm will befall in a land capable of supporting fifty million people.

Thousands of miles of railway have been built, largely out of revenue; cotton mills, sugar factories, mills for supplying woollen yarn are either at work or on the point of starting work. Town after town has been provided with electric power, and water has already been supplied to sixty towns.

A visit to Angora, the new capital, shows the direction in which the tide of life is flowing. Fifteen years ago it was an overgrown village on a bleak hillside 3000 feet above the sea, in a desert region, and without water. Then

Kamal Ataturk, as his new name is, made things move. Kamal means fortress, and Ataturk means Father of the Turks. He is the driving power behind all the changes. He decided on abandoning Istanbul in favour of Angora, a dangerous and daring step to take in face of Islam and his own people, but the motto carved on the Security Monument at Angora, "Turk, be proud. Work. Have confidence," shows that all things are possible for such a people led by such a man.

The city now has seven times the population it had, and in outline has all the boulevards and buildings of a modern capital. The change is from clay to concrete with marble facing, for marble is plentiful. Even where poverty and shabbiness are visible they do not mean dirt, for the humblest Turks are sticklers for the cleanliness prescribed by their religion.

In Turkey the people govern, through the deputies elected to their National Assembly, but behind this Assembly one is ever conscious of the driving force of Kamal Ataturk, whose image is in every home and every public place.

He is a Hitler who leads his people without disturbing the world.

## £1 a Year for Riding to School

Lawrence Quinn, a Lancashire boy of Turf Nest Farm, Astley, is seven years old, and is one of the best attenders at his school. He lives four miles away from his school, down narrow winding lanes, where no buses run. So he goes on a bicycle, and the Education Committee is allowing his father £1 a year as a contribution towards the upkeep of the cycle.

## The Prime Minister by the Nile

Egypt is promised many social reforms by its Prime Minister, Mohamed Pasha Mahmud.

He wishes to improve the condition of the agricultural population, the fellahs, by supplying drinking-water to all villages, and by a reduction of taxation on smallholders. Land is to be distributed among small farmers and graduates of agricultural schools.

## THE OLD CHIEF LOOKS AT EUROPE

The late British Resident of Perak (Mr O. F. Stonor) tells how he talked with an old Malay Chief in the roomy verandah of his old-fashioned house of wood and thatch, situated in a grove of fruit trees overlooking a wide river.

He could not speak English, never saw a newspaper, had never heard of Hitler or the League of Nations, had once seen an aeroplane, which he gravely said travelled a good deal faster than a bullock-cart, and was a gentleman to his finger-tips.

He referred to rumours having reached him of bickerings and dissensions among the nations of Europe, and went on: "I have heard it said that there is not much big jungle left, but that rice and firewood are plentiful, with fish in the rivers and in the sea, and deer and other animals to shoot or snare. Tell me then, Tuan, why it is that these nations cannot live peaceably within their own borders and attend to their own affairs?"

Mr Stonor says he was unable to think of a convincing reply.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN March 1913

The Father Who Calls For His Son. At an old house at Loughton in Essex, on the edge of Epping Forest, lives a little dog whose father lives at a house across the road. Every morning the father comes to the front gate of the little dog's house and barks. The little dog pricks up his ears, runs out of the house, and greets his father. Reaching up to the latch of the gate with his front paws, he holds up the latch while the big dog pushes the gate open, and then the little dog goes out, and father and son run off into the forest.

They are generally away an hour, and then part at the gate with a dog's goodbye, each to be happy, let us hope, till the next morning.



## STAFFORDSHIRE

### The Book of Its Towns and Villages

An enthusiastic welcome has been given to the book of Staffordshire, one of the latest volumes in the King's England series, in which the Editor is surveying the towns and villages of England. We give below a few newspaper opinions of this volume. The books are published by Hodder and Stoughton.

Under the editorship of Arthur Mee the contributors to this book have brought together a fund of information, historical facts, literary associations, architectural features, and present-day happenings (it is all remarkably up-to-date), and have given them to the reader in an attractive and fascinating way. It is neither a guide-book nor a history as such, but it is both, and more. It compels one to read by the delightful way it is all presented. *Evening Sentinel*

Staffordshire's wealth of association with literature and history, and the natural beauties with which it offsets its inclusion of the Black Country, are admirably brought out in word and picture in the latest volume of the King's England. At the same time full justice is done to the industrial centres. There are countless stories of famous and lesser-known folk and legends. *Sunday Mercury*

Staffordshire has a generous share of associations with history and the people who have shaped it, and from these, as well as the county's "characters," Mr Mee and his assistants have provided a rich storehouse of information and story. *Birmingham Gazette*

It would be difficult to see how anyone could fail to be interested in Arthur Mee's Staffordshire. It is entirely new, and cannot be associated with those books commonly termed "dry historical stuff." It is a book for both young and old, dealing with 180 places in Staffordshire and containing over 100 illustrations. Each district is given its worth for historical and beauty spots in a manner that excites the imagination, leaving the reader with a strong desire to see those districts not already visited. Until one has read the book one has no idea of the beauty in our county. Mr Mee's Staffordshire comprises one of the King's England series, and no publisher ever entered upon a more worth-while task, that of bringing history up to date both in time and style. Everybody who lives in Staffordshire should possess a copy. *Lichfield Mercury*

There has been a great increase of books on country life, possibly because motoring has taken people out from towns. Mr Arthur Mee's Staffordshire is having a big sale. *Birmingham Post*

Arthur Mee, Editor of the Children's Encyclopedia and a multitude of other works, must be one of the most industrious of men, as well as one of the kindest. He has radiated happiness to multitudes of children. Now he has broken out with a series of County Histories, of which the latest is devoted to Staffordshire. It is not clogged with dry-as-dust history. He just looks in at each (or nearly each) place in the county, finds out what is of most exceptional interest about it, and tells the story in Arthur Mee's inimitable way. Hodder and Stoughton, the publishers, have illustrated a most readable book delightfully. *Walsall Observer*

The Staffordshire volume will confirm in the mind of any stranger to the county the justice of sundry protests that have been made against undervaluation of its charm. *Nottingham Guardian*

The claim can be rightly justified that it is quite different from all the many other books on Staffordshire. Throughout the book the thumb-nail historical sketches, the features of the countryside which appeal to all cultured people, and the excellent photographs make Arthur Mee's Staffordshire a work of rich and abounding interest. *Burton Observer*

## ADVANCE, NEW ZEALAND

### Her Great Industries Marching On

Our friends of New Zealand are determined to make the most of their wonderful and beautiful islands, and we respectfully wish them good luck in their new endeavours.

The latest is the establishment of an iron and steel industry. It is a difficult thing to do, and no private firm would be likely to put up the millions needed.

Therefore the Government itself has introduced into the House of Representatives a Bill to make the industry a State monopoly. A capital of up to £5,000,000 is to be furnished by the Reserve Bank, the Minister of Industries is to take charge, and three expert Commissioners are to control the work. A British firm has agreed to start the enterprise and to provide technicians until New Zealand has trained men.

In two years, it is hoped, the Dominion will be producing steel at a rate approaching 100,000 tons a year. There are fine coal and iron ore deposits, and it is really surprising that the industry has not been started before.

British exports will, of course, suffer, as in all such cases. Last year we sold to New Zealand 123,000 tons of steel valued at £2,400,000; in a few years she will be making most of this herself.

But by that time, we may well hope, other markets will have expanded. The need for steel in the world is far greater than the existing output of all the world's steel plants. This is so true that actually the day will come when the world will arrive at an iron famine.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

If you would be prepared for Nature observation during the Easter holidays you should listen on Tuesday to Mr Gaddum's talk on Early Nests and Eggs.

In Professor Fox's talk on Animals that Change Colour, on Wednesday, he will describe an octopus that is one colour when it is hungry and another after a meal.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Grafting and Budding: by C. F. Lawrance. 2.30 Senior Music—Pupils' Tunes: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Early Nests and Eggs: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Beautiful and Ugly Words: by J. W. Marriott. 3.0 Concert of Orchestral Works.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 A Great Emperor of India: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Animals that Change Colour: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.25 On the Black Sea: by H. E. Marchant. 2.5 Our Village—Stories of Olden Days.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Gipsying in Barbary: by Walter Starkie. 2.30 Life in the Outer Isles. 3.15 Next Week's Music.

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors (I, with Consonants): by A. H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (Lips and Tongues at Work): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 From Sea to Breakfast Table—Interviews. 2.30 As National.

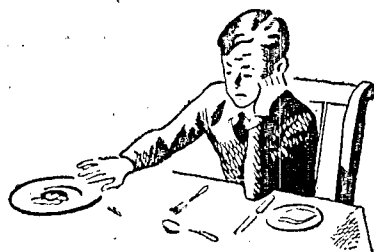
WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Plant and Animal Geography: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Phrasing and Expression: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 A Spring Walk: by A. Scott Kennedy. 3.5 Scottish History—The Modern Athens: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Kilts and Pipes in the Mountains: by Margaret Mackay. 2.55 Play—from Wec Macgregor, by J. J. Bell.

### The School Walls

A day-school at Ford in Northumberland boasts on the inside walls a unique decorative scheme done by the late Marchioness of Waterford. The wall paintings are of Biblical characters modelled in the likeness of local children.



Billy only liked lean meat.  
The golden fat he would not eat.

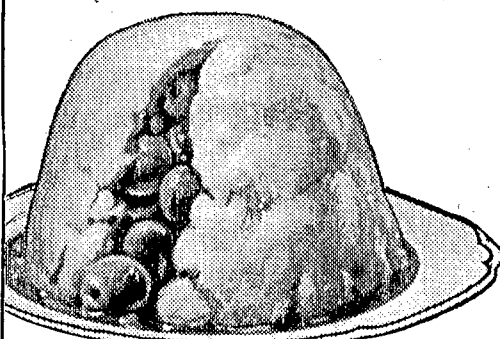


Wise Grandma said: "The way to do it Is pudding with Atora suet."



Soon Billy grew a  
bonny lad—  
Top of the school  
and pride of Dad.

"Atora" puddings solve the difficult problem of the children who dislike fat. The doctor will tell you that "Atora" is beef fat in its most digestible form, rich in the vitamins so necessary for youthful development. So don't worry about the children's dislikes, but give them what they *do* like—plenty of delicious puddings made with "Atora" containing all the nourishment they need.



Send a postcard to-day for a post free copy of 100 best pudding, etc., Recipes, to HUGON & Co., Ltd., Manchester, 11.

N.56a

*Hugon's*  
**ATORA**  
**THE GOOD BEEF SUET**



# TREACHERY POOL

Short Story  
By T. Gifford

## CHAPTER 1 The Strangers

VERA MOSTYN sat with her back against the foot of a huge pillar of granite. It was one of six similar pillars which formed a circle around the top of the large mound of earth known as Baunton Barrow. The giant stones were covered with lichen, and gorse grew thickly among them; but the most curious point about this ancient barrow was that it was surrounded by a ditch or moat filled with clear brown water.

It was a lovely spring day, and Vera, a slim girl of twelve, was basking in the warm sunshine and thinking to herself how pleasant it would be if she only had someone to talk to.

Suddenly she heard someone whistling. The air was "Glorious Devon," and in a moment Vera was on her feet. She whistled a few notes in reply, and the other whistler gave three notes, then stopped.

Vera picked up her shoes and went to the edge of the moat. Exactly opposite was a small stone set in the bank, but so set that, while she could see it plainly, it would not be noticed by anyone coming up on the other side. With her eyes on the stone, Vera stepped cautiously into the shallow water and began to wade across. At each step she felt with her bare toes for the next footing. Yet she went quite quickly, and in a few moments was safe on the opposite bank.

She sat down and put on her shoes. Then she walked toward a clump of trees at a little distance and whistled again. A boy of about her own age came running. He was small and wiry and had a brown face, brown hair, and very blue eyes.

"Hullo, Vera!" he said. "Thought I'd find you up here." He looked at the stones. "Aren't you ever going to let me come across there?" he asked.

Vera bit her lip. "I can't, Jacky. It's too dangerous."

Jacky frowned. "I think you're silly. If it's dangerous for me what about you?"

"But I'm careful and you wouldn't be. And if you made one wrong step, Jacky, that—that would—"

"Be the finish," Jacky added. "Can't you see that's just what would make me careful?"

He stopped short, caught Vera by the arm, and drew her back among the bushes. At the same time he pointed to two men who had just come into sight on the cart track which ran close below the little wood. "Rum-looking beggars," he muttered. "What on earth are they doing up here?"

Jacky was right. The strangers were distinctly queer. No one would have noticed them if he had met them in a slum in a big town, but they were an odd-looking pair to see on Dartmoor. One was big and stout with a large, pale face; the other, much smaller, had a narrow, foxy face. Both wore dark suits which looked shabby and greasy and both had hard hats on their heads. They were talking earnestly as they went past, but the distance was too great to hear what they said. One pointed to the stones as they passed. Vera frowned.

"Horrid-looking men," she said. "I can't think what they want up here. Do you think they could be convicts escaped from the prison?"

"Not likely," said Jacky. "They wouldn't be strolling about in broad daylight. Just tramps, I expect."

They watched the queer men out of sight, then Jacky said suddenly, "Is your Uncle back?"

"He is coming tonight," Vera told him. "Good thing, too," said Jacky. "My Dad says it's too bad leaving you there in the house with no one but Mrs Trant."

"He doesn't mean to be unkind," Vera protested.

Jacky grunted. "Then why did he go and quarrel with Dad? Why won't he let me come to your house?"

"Because your father laughed at him about the cameo he bought that turned out to be an imitation."

"Dad didn't mean to be unkind," Jacky declared.

Vera shrugged. "Uncle Nicholas thought he did. But what's the good of talking? They did quarrel, and they'll never make it up and—oh, it's horrid."

There were tears in Vera's eyes, and no wonder. Jacky and she had been friends ever since they were babies, and there were no other children within miles. Vera's uncle, with whom she lived, for her father and mother were dead, was a crotchety collector and, though kind enough, paid very little

attention to her. Now that he had quarrelled with Mr Croft she and Jacky could only meet out on the moor. On wet days they never saw one another at all, and Vera lived in terror of her uncle's discovering that she still kept up her friendship with Jacky.

She looked at her wristwatch. "It's tea-time," she said. "I shall have to go back."

Jacky walked with her until they were in sight of Dove Close, Mr Mostyn's house; then he said good-bye and ran off.

Just as Vera reached the house a car drove up and her uncle got out. He was a tall, thin man of about fifty, and he carried with great care a small parcel. Mrs Trant, the housekeeper, was waiting at the door.

"I've got it," he told her in great excitement. "The finest thing I ever had. It is an illuminated missal of the 14th century." He stopped and blew his nose violently. Mrs Trant came forward.

"I'll tell you what you have got," she said. "Another of your bad colds. Now you'll go right to bed, sir, or you'll be properly ill."

Mr Mostyn frowned, but he knew it was no use arguing with Mrs Trant.

"I have got a cold," he admitted; "and I will go to bed. But first I must put this prize in my study." He did so and went straight to bed. Presently Mrs Trant came down. She was looking upset.

"He's bad, Vera," she said. "I reckon he'll be in bed for a week."

Vera made no reply. She could not feel sorry for, with her uncle safe in bed, she and Jacky could see something of one another.

To Vera's disgust next day was wet, and it was not until sunset that the heavy rain stopped, and then it was too late to go out.

Vera was alone in the sitting-room when she heard Jacky's whistle. She could hardly believe her ears. What was he doing over here at this hour? The whistle came again, and Vera went into the hall. There was no sign of Mrs Trant, so Vera ran out, closing the front door behind her.

Jacky's whistle came a third time from the hillside above the house. Vera answered it and ran. A moment later Jacky rose out of some bushes.

"Vera," he said quickly. "You remember those chaps we saw yesterday?"

"Yes."

"I was in Braky Firs coppice just before dark trying to spot a green woodpecker's

nest. I heard voices and hid and listened. It was those two, and they were planning to rob your house."

Vera gasped, but recovered at once. "It's that missal," she told him. "The one Uncle brought yesterday. It's worth a lot of money."

## CHAPTER 2 Friends

VERA bit her lip. "Trant's away at Taverton. His brother is ill and Uncle gave him leave to go. Uncle is ill in bed. There's no one but Mrs Trant and ourselves."

Jacky grunted. "That's a bit awkward. I was counting on Trant. I'll have to go and fetch Dad."

"It's two miles, Jacky. Suppose they come before you can get back?"

"Not likely. Burglars always wait till midnight. If I run Dad and I ought to be back here in less than an hour."

"All right," said Vera quietly.

Jacky gave her a pat on the shoulder. "Lock the door and shut the windows, old thing, and don't worry. I shan't waste any time." He was off, running hard across the moor.

She went straight back to the house. She was frightened; the very thought of those two horrid men made her shiver. Still, Jacky was probably right. The chances were that they would not come before twelve, and long before then Mr Croft would be at Dove Close, ready to tackle them. Mr Croft was a big, powerful man, and he would bring his gun.

Vera got in as quietly as she had gone out. Mrs Trant was still upstairs. Vera decided she would not tell Mrs Trant. It was no use upsetting her. So Vera locked the front and back doors, and went from window to window, making sure all were closed and fastened. The drawing-room had a French window with only one small bolt. Vera realised that any burglar who knew his job could force it in a minute, and it came to her that this was just the point which they would attack. As she stood by, wondering whether there was anything she could do to make it more secure, she caught sight of a figure climbing the garden wall.

There was a moon behind the clouds, and she saw him plainly enough to be certain that he was the taller of the two strangers.

Vera's heart gave a great jump, then in a flash she made up her mind what to do. The missal must be saved at any price. She opened the drawer where she knew it was,

took it out, and ran to the back door. This she unlocked and, opening it very quietly, slipped out.

Now she had the whole house between her and the burglars, and she sped away down to the back gate. This opened on a cart track, and on the other side was moor with gorse bushes. Vera's idea was to hide in one of these gorse clumps, with the missal, and await the arrival of Jacky and his father.

It was a good idea, and would have worked all right if only the second burglar had not been posted as scout at the far corner of the garden. He saw Vera, and she heard the pad of his rubber-soled shoes as he started running toward her. She turned and saw him, and for a moment terror nearly paralysed her.

But Vera had pluck, and next moment she was speeding up the lane as hard as she could run. It was lucky indeed for Vera that her pursuer was not a runner. Vera's spirits rose as she found she was gaining then sank with a bump as she heard a second pair of thudding feet and, glancing back over her shoulder, saw the tall man round the corner.

He gained fast, but Vera had a long start. She left the track and headed across the moor for Baunton Barrow. If she could reach it ahead of her pursuers she might trick them, but that was her only hope.

The thought of what would happen if they caught her and got the missal spurred her to desperate effort. What her uncle would say or do when he found he had lost his treasure frightened her worse than the burglars. Panting for breath, she raced up the slope with the sound of those heavy feet growing nearer every moment.

She saw the great, dark stones looming up in front. But the long man was closing on her. She could hear his heavy breathing. She gathered herself for a last spurt and reached the edge of the pool.

But the ford was the far side. She bolted round. Luckily for her, she had crossed the ford a hundred times and knew precisely where the narrow ledge of flat stones lay. Even so the risk was great, for, as she told Jacky, one false step was enough. She made no mistake, but flashed across, splashing herself from head to foot, and flung herself down behind a stone just as the tall man gained the edge.

"Stop!" she shouted; but the fellow did not hesitate; he came plunging in.

By pure luck his feet struck the ledge, and for an awful moment Vera thought he was going to get across in safety. But the ledge was only a foot wide and his second step missed it, and instantly he was up to his waist in black, clinging mire. He yelled terribly, then the short man arrived, panting. "What's up?" he asked angrily. "What are you making that row about? Do you want to fetch everyone on the moor up here?"

"Don't talk! Help me out," the other answered.

The short man reached out a hand and the other caught it.

Vera, crouched behind her stone, shivered again. Supposing the long man did get out—what would happen?

She need not have worried. The shorter man dug in his heels and pulled with all his might, then the bank gave way and he too went in. And he yelled worse than the first. He let go of the long man, twisted himself round, and dug his fingers into the bank. The other managed to catch his companion by the tail of his coat, and hung on like grim death.

"Leave go!" roared the smaller man. "You're pulling me down. Leave go!"

But the big man held on, and so did the little one, and all the time the two sank deeper and deeper.

The water was nearly up to the neck of the big man when Vera heard a shout, and up came Jacky and his father and their gardener, a powerful man named Raikes.

They were just in time to save the lives of the two thieves, and when they got them out the precious pair were so exhausted they were as meek as lambs. They were marched off and shut up in an outhouse while Raikes went for the police.

Vera insisted on Jacky and his father coming to Dove Close, and there and then she told Mrs Trant the whole story. Mrs Trant at once went up and told it all to Mr Mostyn. When she came down there was a smile on her rather grim face.

"The master says he'd like to see Mr Croft," she said; and Jacky's father at once went upstairs.

Vera and Jacky looked at one another. "It's going to be all right," said Jacky.

Vera flung her arms round Jacky's neck. "Oh, isn't it splendid!" she cried.

Jacky released himself. "I told you it would be all right," he said gruffly, "but I didn't ask you to strangle me."

## JACKO FAIRLY IN IT

WALKING over the moors one day Jacko and his friend Chimp passed a lorry piled up with tar barrels, which the men proceeded to set down at regular intervals each side of the road.

"Now some chaps will come along," explained Chimp, "and splash it down for some other chaps to roll in."



The lid of the barrel burst open

"Coo! I'd like that job!" cried Jacko, promptly.

When they came back some hours later, on their way home, the barrels were still lying by the road.

"Well, they aren't in a hurry to begin," grinned Jacko.

He went up to one of the barrels and prodded it with his foot.

"It doesn't seem very heavy," he remarked. And then an idea came into his head.

"Tell you what," he cried, "let's race them."

"Race them! How?" asked Chimp.

"I'll show you," promised Jacko, and, looking round for a couple of stout sticks, he gave one to Chimp and kept the other himself. Then they each rolled out a barrel, set the two side by side in the middle of the road, and bowled them along.

It was like driving pigs to market!

The ungainly things lurched and rolled in every direction but the one in which they were wanted to go.

"Look out!" yelled Chimp suddenly. But it was too late. There was a bump; the barrels collided, and the next minute there was another yell, this time from Jacko.

The lid of his barrel burst open and out poured the tar.

Jacko jumped aside. But his foot slipped on the greasy mess—and down he went.

It is regretted that the rest of this story is too painful to relate.



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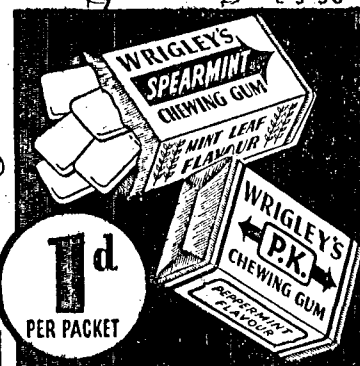
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 25, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Beheaded Words

WHOLE, I mean to keep  
Together, and also divide;  
Beheaded, I'm given and taken,  
As well as often denied.  
Behead once more, and of a house  
I form a part, you'll say;  
Behead, reverse, and then I give  
A female's name; now, pray,  
Once more behead, and then you'll  
see  
I'm never absent from veracity.

Answer next week

### This Week in Nature

THE last of the fieldfares still in this country are preparing to migrate. It is a member of the thrush family, but the yellow bill and black legs show that the fieldfare is also related in some way to the blackbird. The plumage of the fieldfare is grey, brown, and black.

### Ici on Parle Français



Le singe monkey  
Le lion lion  
La girafe giraffe

Nous sommes allés au Zoo. J'ai préféré les lions. Et puis les singes, et, oh! la giraffe!

We have been to the Zoo. I liked the lions best. And the monkeys and, oh! the giraffe!

### Point of View

AN anteater, seeking a nest  
Of ants, came to Mount  
Everest.

"There never was its match!"  
He cried, as he started to scratch,  
"Of all ant-hills I've seen it's the  
best!"

### An Odd Sum

BILL asked his friend Jack  
if he could work out a  
little sum set in the style of a  
cross word puzzle. Here are  
the clues:

Henry the Eighth. b What he  
wore. c A boy's name. d A  
leather-worker. e North and South  
Poles. f A sort of pig.

"When these are added  
together," said Bill, "they  
amount to £2 7s 6½d."

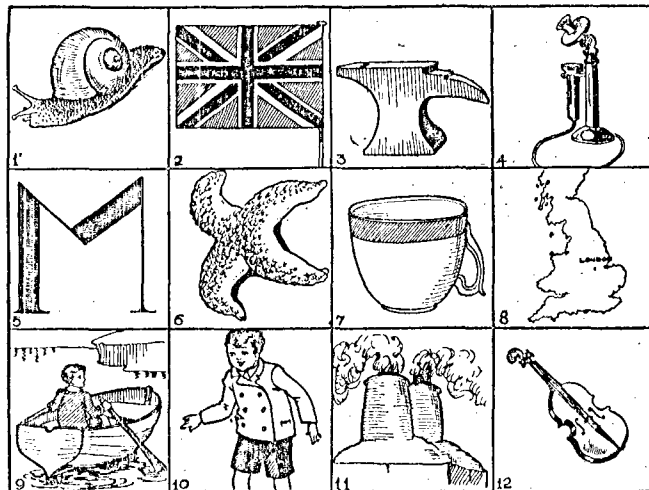
Jack soon solved the prob-  
lem, and this is how he did  
the little sum:

a A sovereign (£1). b A crown (5s).  
c Bob (1s). d Tanner (6d).  
e Two far things (½d). f Guinea  
(£1 1s). Total, £2 7s 6½d.

### In the Isle of Wight

A VISITOR to the Isle of Wight  
remarked on the very  
few horses there. Peter Puck  
suggested that perhaps people  
preferred Cowes to Ryde.

## What is Wrong in These Pictures?



THE artist has deliberately drawn something incorrectly in each of these pictures. Can you find what is wrong? Answer next week

### What Happened on Your Birthday

March 27. John Bright died 1889  
28. Sir Ralph Abercromby died 1801  
29. Battle of Towton Field . 1461  
30. Goya, Spanish artist, born 1746  
31. Charlotte Brontë died . 1855  
April 1. William Harvey born 1578  
2. Richard Cobden died . 1865

### Overheard at the Pictures

BIG Man: Why are you so  
restless? Can't you see  
the screen?

Small Boy: No; you are  
hiding my view.

BIG Man: That's too bad.  
Never mind; watch me and  
laugh when I laugh.

### Jumbled Rivers

WHEN the letters in the  
following jumbled words  
are arranged in their proper  
order they will spell the names  
of eight English rivers. Can  
you find out what they are?

NEVERS WEMDAY  
SYREEM LEDLAWN  
SIHEMAT TREWDEN  
RAPTER MEHRUB

Answer next week

### A Nonsense Rhyme

I DREAMED a dream next Tuesday  
week,  
Beneath the apple trees;  
I thought my eyes were big pork  
pies

And my nose was Stilton cheese.  
The clock struck twenty minutes  
to six

When a frog sat on my knee;  
I asked him to lend me eighteen  
pence  
But he borrowed a shilling from  
me.

### About Nothing

WHAT is it that the poor  
man has, the rich man  
wants, the spendthrift saves,  
and the miser spends? No-  
thing.

### A Punster's Lament

IF I be duly punished  
For every foolish pun I shad  
I shall not find one puny shed  
Wherein to hide my punished head.

### Famous Men

THE name of a famous man  
is represented in each of  
the following:

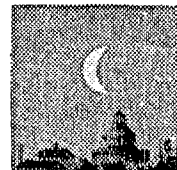
A water fowl.  
One who forges with a  
hammer.  
A crafty animal.  
A bird noted for its rapid  
flight.  
A well-known south coast  
holiday resort.  
A little singing bird.

Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the  
west. Mercury and Venus are  
north of west.

Uranus is in the south-west  
and Neptune in the east. In  
the morning Jupiter is low  
in the east. The picture shows  
the moon at half-past eight on  
Sunday morning, March 27.



### The Strength of Hair

DARK hair is much stronger  
than light hair. Experi-  
ments showed that a single  
dark hair could suspend a  
weight of four ounces. Fair  
hair will give way at weights  
varying according to the tint.  
Golden hair will support  
nothing more than two  
ounces, brown hair will hold  
up three, and dark brown  
hair an extra half-ounce.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Anagram. Never, Verne, nerve  
Charade. Worth-less

Reading Across. 1. An engineless  
aeroplane. 6. A specific for gaining  
entrance to a place. 11. Many.  
12. More learned. 14. Father's boy.  
15. Indefinite article. 16. Storm of  
great violence. 18. Right. 19. Abyss-  
inia's Emperor. 21. Duck whose  
down is used for bedding. 23. Above  
and touching. 24. President of the  
Royal Academy. 26. Behold.  
27. To allure. 30. Old term for a  
buttery or larder. 33. Partially  
broken. 35. Tool used to fell a tree.  
37. To remove. 38. To put on.  
40. Stalk of wheat. 41. Used for  
taking liquids from a vessel.

Reading Down. 1. A sudden look.  
2. Unfrequented. 3. Pronoun. 4. Sheep.  
5. Edge. 6. Bishop's diocese. 7. High-  
land Gaelic dialect. 8. A Roman copper  
coin. 9. Greater in number. 10. A  
made-up dish served between courses.  
13. A long piece of timber. 16. A  
kind of coat. 17. Many roofs are this.  
20. Obtained. 22. Same as 38 across.  
24. A luscious fruit. 25. Demands.  
28. Nearest in place or time. 29. A  
ship's company. 31. Skin of a fruit.  
32. Moderately cold. 34. Covers the  
head. 35. Expresses equality. 36.  
Edwardus Rex. 38. Doctor of  
Divinity. 39. Compass point.

### Tales Before Bedtime

#### The Necklace

WHEN Tony was talking  
about the holiday camp  
one morning his mother said  
quietly, "I'm sorry, Tony,  
I'm afraid I can't afford to  
let you go to camp this year."

Tony did not reply for a  
minute.

The school camp was to  
be in Belgium, and he had so  
wanted to see the country  
of which he had heard so  
much—the fields of Flanders  
and the quaint old cities.

"That's all right, Mother,"  
he said at last; "perhaps  
things will be better next  
year." And, calling his dog  
Pickles, set off for the woods.

Seated on a tree stump, he  
thought sadly of all he was  
going to lose.

Pickles, seeing his master  
sad, stood on his hind legs and  
licked Tony's face.

"Good fellow!" said Tony.  
"I know you would help if  
you could."

Pickles wagged his tail  
joyfully and bounded off to  
chase rabbits.

Tony picked some twigs  
and buds he had to take to  
school for the nature lesson,  
then looked round for Pickles.  
He was nowhere to be seen.

"Pickles! Pickles!" he  
cried, but no Pickles appeared.

Then Tony began to search  
among the bushes, and pre-  
sently spotted the young  
rascal pulling something from  
a rabbit-hole.

Seeing his master, Pickles  
came trotting towards him,  
carrying something in his  
mouth.

"What have you found,  
Pickles?" cried Tony. "A  
glass necklace! Put it down,  
you silly dog!"

But Pickles held on to  
his find, and Tony set off  
home, the dog following him.

"Mother!" he cried, run-  
ning into the house. "Look  
at this silly dog with a glass  
necklace!"

Pickles laid his find at her  
feet and wagged his tail.

Mrs. Farrell picked it up  
and examined it. "Tony!"  
she cried. "I wonder if  
this is the diamond necklace  
that was stolen from the Red  
House last year—it was  
thought that a maid who was  
dismissed stole it and hid  
it. They never proved who  
had taken it, nor did they  
ever find the necklace, but  
there is a reward of £50  
offered for its return."

That afternoon Mrs Far-  
rell, Tony, and Pickles took  
the necklace to the Red House.

It was the missing neck-  
lace, and Lady Castleton only  
too gladly paid the £50 reward.

Pickles has a new collar,  
Mrs Farrell a new dress,  
and Tony? Tony is looking  
forward to the best holiday  
he has ever had in his life.

## DINGY TEETH NOW WHITENED EASILY! MAGNESIA DOES IT.

A real discovery has been made about  
the teeth. Readers who are tired of trying  
new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth  
white overnight should try what actually  
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From the time you begin to use this  
simple chemistry on your teeth they will  
be distinctly whiter. You won't have to  
imagine the improvement. You can see it  
plainly. Your friends will notice it.  
Phillips' Dental Magnesia is what you  
use, and the dullest teeth brighten and  
whiten under it.

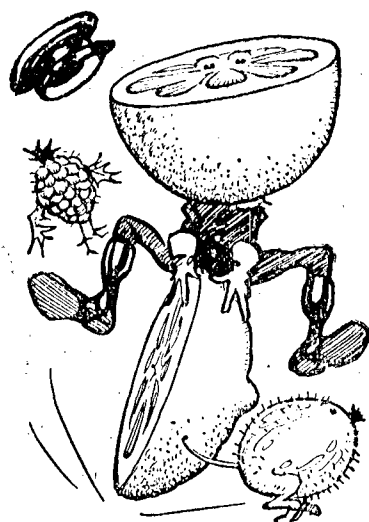
This is no trouble, takes no extra time.  
Simply get the dentifrice which the dental  
profession now recommends for care of the  
teeth—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It con-  
tains 'Milk of Magnesia,' which dissolves  
all stains. Ordinary dentifrices with  
magnesia in them may not do any harm,  
but they do not give the whitening action  
of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

But dentists are urging the use of this  
dentifrice for other reasons! Phillips'  
Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of  
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way in the mouth that is kept alkaline by  
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### A Jolly Picture and Story Paper for Children

## TIGER TIM'S WEEKLY

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CRIED SPEED-COP TOOT

—IN ROWNTREE'S YOU

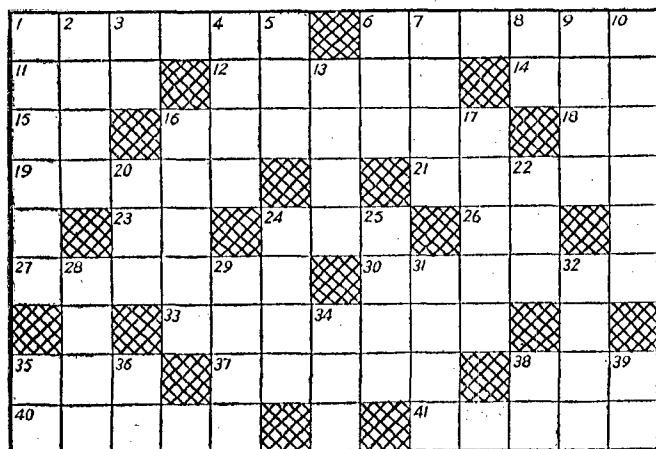
CAN TASTE THE FRUIT!

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### The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week